No. 1464.—Vol. 57

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER

AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

JUNE 22, 1889

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.

TURF MORALS AND TURF MORALISTS: LORD DURHAM v. SIR GEO. CHETWYND.

THE "Sport of Kings" is in a bad way when a trio of the Jockey Club have to sit in judgment at the Royal Courts of Justice on the alleged malpractices of a noted sportsman. In horseracing, honestly conducted, Englishmen will ever take a lively interest. As a pastime, pure and simple, racing is justly deemed a national sport, affording, as it does, keenly-relished recreation to patrician and peasant alike. But, at the same time, Turf-gambling has grown to be such a colossal evil that the hour has surely arrived for "The Pillars of Society," at least, to reconsider their position as regards the insidious vice of betting, with a view to taboo the fashionable system of extravagant wagering, which has ruined some noble homes, disgraced many a once-honoured name, driven numbers to suicide, and wrecked reputations wholesale. If noblemen of the standing of the Marquis of Hartington and Lord Randolph Churchill had only the courage to take the lead in this grave matter, and firmly resolve to race for sport alone, something would be done to stem the tide of Turf-demoralisation, which the representatives of the Jockey Club are now, fruitlessly we fear, inquiring into.

That the deputies of the Jockey Club should be permitted to sit, like acknowledged judges of the land, in the Strand Palace of Justice is an extraordinary anomaly. Are we to hear next that the Marylebone Cricket Club is to have an adjoining court placed at its disposal? or that the National Cyclists' Union is to enjoy a similar privilege? Truth to tell, the unprecedented proceeding is but a burlesque of Justice; and our only wonder is that the Lord Chief Justice did not only direct the Stewards to remove from the bench, but to quit the Courts of Justice entirely—say, for Tattersall's.

Meanwhile, as delineators of the social history of the times, we sketch the principal personages engaged in this remarkable Turf inquiry. It was provoked by the after-dinner speech made by Lord Durham in 1887 at the Gimcrack Club, York, where his Lordship imputed to Sir George Chetwynd that he was cognisant of the unfair running of certain horses. The Right Hon. James Lowther, M.P., the Earl of March, and Prince Soltykoff are portrayed as Arbitrators on behalf of the Jockey Club. The Earl of Durham will be recognised near his brothers; and the group also comprises Sir George Chetwynd (whose defence was stated with admirable lucidity by Sir Henry James) and the famous jockey Charles Wood, who was scathingly cross-examined by Sir Charles Russell, himself, curiously enough, an inveterate bettor. Whatever the issue be, the public will join us in thinking that it is high time to thoroughly cleanse the Augean stable of the Turf.

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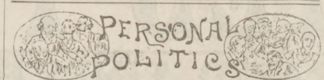
RIVER VILLAS AFLOAT.

House-boat life is now in full swing in the upper reaches of the River Thames. Among the many new arrivals is La Cigarette, at Bisham, a tiny craft, exquisitely fitted, and decorated in the best taste. Another novelty is the Omaha, a deliciously cool-looking craft, lined with white tiles, to be seen at Bourne End; while Nana, another luxurious floating home, is moored hard by. The oating village at Cookham is gayer than ever. Grannie's Boat looks very natty with its blood-red geraniums, which are exhibited even in the kitchen-window. There was a concert of sacred music on board the Rouge et Noir last Sunday afternoon at which more than one well-known instrumentalist assisted, and the strains of the orchestra — comprising piano, violin, guitar, and mandolins — attracted a number of listeners.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of The Penny Illustrated Paper, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

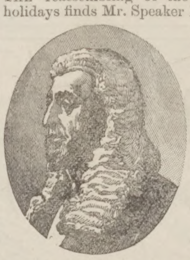
All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.



PERSONAL POLITICS

The Speaker.

The reassembling of the House after the holidays finds Mr. Speaker Peel back again in the chair. I don't know how many times the gossips have not predicted that Mr. Peel would cease to occupy his place. But the tall, gaunt, dignified, rather lanthorn-jawed gentleman in the bag-wig and knee-breeches, is still there, and does not look like leaving. And yet there are some reasons why Mr. Peel's tenure of the chair is not likely to be so long as that of his predecessor, the wiry, cheerful, little Lord Hampden. There are many qualities which go to make up a good Speaker, and which Mr. Peel possesses; but there are two absolute essentials which I am not quite so sure he can claim. These are—good health and quiet nerves. Now, Mr. Peel is not a strong man, and he is a very nervous one. As he sits in the chair, his face twitches uneasily; his hands finger his gown, or clutch the arm of his chair, his legs cross and recross themselves with the air of a restless man with sensitive fibres that will not let him be still. In many cases these manifestations are the signs of real physical pain. On the other hand, when Lord Hampden was in the chair you could see him, sitting like a little stone statue, immovable, seemingly indifferent, yet, as you would presently see when a knotty point arose, quietly alert. Now, one feels that, with all Mr. Peel's dignity and conscientiousness, the strain on his physique is burdensome not only to himself but to the House. He frets, and it frets; the machine creaks and groans, instead of going steadily and quietly on. Still, he is a fine figure is Mr. Peel in his way, and it would be a pity to lose him.



"The Curse of Camborne."

Talking of the Speaker leads me on to his "bête noire" Mr. Conybeare, and to Mr. Gladstone's compliment to him during the statesman's tour in the West. He is a curious mixture, is Mr. Conybeare. A great, ungainly, rather truculent gentleman, with harsh voice, legs always in the wrong place, an ungainly walk, and an utter indifference to what moral toes he may be treading on, Mr. Conybeare is not exactly a model for a ladies' pet. Nor does the House love him. It jeers at his eloquence, talks down his questions, laughs down his protests. Mr. Lucy, of *Punch*, in one of his ill-natured moments, christened him "The Curse of Camborne." His own party often gives him the cold shoulder, and he and Mr. Cuninghame Graham are often isolated on the Liberal benches. And yet, I am free to confess it, there is something to like in Mr. Conybeare. He is very blunt, but then he is very honest. He is cross-grained, but he means well by his constituents and has really done them much service. Maladroit, but with a good heart, what he most wants in the world is for someone to take him in hand, and teach him how successes in politics, and especially in the House of Commons, are to be won. He is rich, bears a very honoured name—all my readers know of the famous literary partnership of Conybeare and Howson—and so he has other things in his favour besides a certain rude capacity which may still serve him in good turn. He is a barrister and a bachelor.

Young Mr. Curzon.

Mr. Curzon, I see, has been making a—well, a not very respectful speech about Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at Hatfield. I ought to have included Mr. Curzon in my reference last week to coming men in the Tory party. Mr. Curzon is the Tory Asquith—that is to say, he is the young man to whose speeches the Tories listen in the hope of spotting a future leader, as they listened to "Dizzy" in the early 40's. Mr. Curzon is a handsome young man—tall, clean-shaven, dark-eyed, irreproachable as to the cut of coat and set of necktie, a specimen, in fact, of the rather dandyish Oxford man, who is also clever. Like Asquith, he has been President of the Union, and a great speaker at the debates there. Rivals at college, the young men are also rivals in the House of Commons, and Mr. Curzon seems rather to set himself to cap his opponent's speeches. In these encounters Mr. Asquith usually gives the impression of most power, directness, and force; Mr. Curzon of finish, a light but rather pretty wit, and a kind of verbal smartness. He does not carry quite such heavy metal, but he shoots straight enough. Both men, perhaps, have young men's faults of over-smartness and self-consciousness, and the best things in their speeches smell too much of the lamp. The finest thing that could happen to Mr. Curzon would be to get him into harness and teach him what work means. With a tithe of Mr. Hanbury's knowledge and experience of affairs, Mr. Curzon's success might be set down as a sure thing. As it is, it all depends on how the metal will beat out.

"The Cherub."

Sunday up the river is now in full swing, and the "blazer" flashes from reach to reach and from lock to lock, like a dragon-fly on the wing. One of the most regular of the Sunday boaters is Mr. Harry Lawson, M.P., son of Mr. Edward Lawson, the chief proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Lawson has been called "The Cherub," chiefly on account of the exquisite roundness of his proportions and youthful simplicity of his appearance. Yet Mr. Lawson is not quite so simple as he looks. He is one of the shrewdest of electioneerers in London. He is an unwearying committee-man, he is rich and uses his money wisely, he has married a very charming and beautiful wife, and the two know how to make life yield the most of success and happiness. Mr. Lawson is one of the young men of whom it is always said that they are born to be Under-Secretaries. With the support of the *Telegraph*—although Mr. Lawson's fortune is independent of the paper and he does not in any way control its politics—with £20,000 a year, youth, a shrewd head and a very pretty gift for speech-making, Mr. Lawson is pretty sure to find a place in the next Liberal Ministry, or the next after that.

Mr. Cuninghame Graham.

I have got on to the irreconcilable back row of the House of Commons; so I turn from Mr. Conybeare to Mr. Conybeare's companion-in-arms, Mr. Cuninghame Graham. Mr. Graham is remarkable, if only for one thing—viz., that he has joined a most extreme section of the Socialists, bordering on the Anarchists; and that he is the first avowed Socialist sitting for an English constituency. Physically, Mr. Graham is the very reverse of Mr. Conybeare; and, possibly, is the last sort of person whom the ordinary observer would pick out as likely to fall in with the revolutionary movement. He has a certain high-bred air about him. His face and manners are Spanish; but he has the English aristocrat's drawl and slightly mincing manner. That, joined with a slight figure, peaked moustaches, and correct dress, give an impression of something foreign, charming, distinguished, but no—not popular. However, you have only got to talk to Mr. Graham to find out that he is heart and soul in earnest about his political ideas. He has not so much thought out his creed as felt it out. What is logical conviction with some men is with him transfused into a white heat of scorn, emotion, and a certain pathetic tenderness. He is a wit, too, always saying good things in a curious, indirect, suggestive sort of way. With all his strong views and strong way of expressing them, he is really very popular in the House, and much more so in the Lobby, which recognise his sincerity and rather fancies his quaint frankness. He is devoted to his beautiful wife and she to him, and both to their ideas.

"Obiter Dicta."

One of the newly-elected members of the Johnson Club, the quaint little social-literary coterie which has just held its quarterly supper at Lichfield, Dr. Johnson's birthplace, is Mr. Augustine Birrell, the chief author of the charming collection of essays, "Obiter Dicta." Mr. Birrell will probably appear in the next Parliament as member for the St. Andrews' Burghs. He is a Gladstonian, and a very forcible and charming speaker, with a literary and also a very shrewd and slightly cynical turn, which made his candidature for a division of Liverpool quite a feature of the election of 1886. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley both think very highly of him; and he would, in fact, be an ornament to any Legislature. He is the son of an old Baptist minister of the very highest repute in his day, one of the most correct, scholarly, and able of Nonconformist Divines of the old school. His son has, I fancy, inherited less of his father's theological spirit than of his culture and refinement. Mr. Birrell recently married a daughter-in-law of Lord Tennyson, and he practises as a barrister. He is a first-rate after-dinner speaker. He has a dark handsome face and a merry eye. He loves and makes an excellent jest.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

No Capital in the World, it is safe to say, can produce so superbly brilliant a pageant, so pulse-stirring a spectacle, as the Royal Military Tournament, which the longest day in June has brought round again at the capacious Agricultural Hall, Islington. I can recall no sight so exhilarating; none calculated to bring home so effectively to the public the undeniable fact that our soldiers are unsurpassed for smartness, dexterity, and skill, quite apart from their native pluck. Troop to the Military Tournament, and be sure that you will not only witness a variety of the most exciting encounters on horse and on foot between the recognised champions of her Majesty's Regular and Auxiliary Forces, but that your shillings will go to swell the fund in aid of Old and Disabled Soldiers—those who, having gallantly fought their country's battles in every clime, would fare ill in their declining days but for timely help. To watch the lithest of troopers proving their adroitness in tent-pegging (as sketched above), and to note the efficient drilling of our quick-eyed sailor lads; to scrutinise the marvellously straight driving of the Horse and Field Batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery; and to judge of the excellence achieved by our mounted infantry, who dismount and fire with astonishing quickness; and finally to enjoy the fine Musical Ride and dashing charge of the Life Guards—is to feel assured that Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" tournament must take "a back seat" when compared with the present-day feats at the Royal Military Tournament, whereat one is filled with admiration for every branch of the Service.

City Sparrows.

A chorus of children's laughter, and the sight of gleesome little ones, ragged and bare-footed, gambolling over the soft, green turf! The Benchers of the Middle Temple ask, possibly, for no better reward for their kindness and thoughtfulness in throwing open the Temple Gardens of a summer's evening to the poor waifs and strays of the neighbouring courts and alleys. Even the "Devil's Own" may not be so black as they 're painted.

The Maybrick Case,

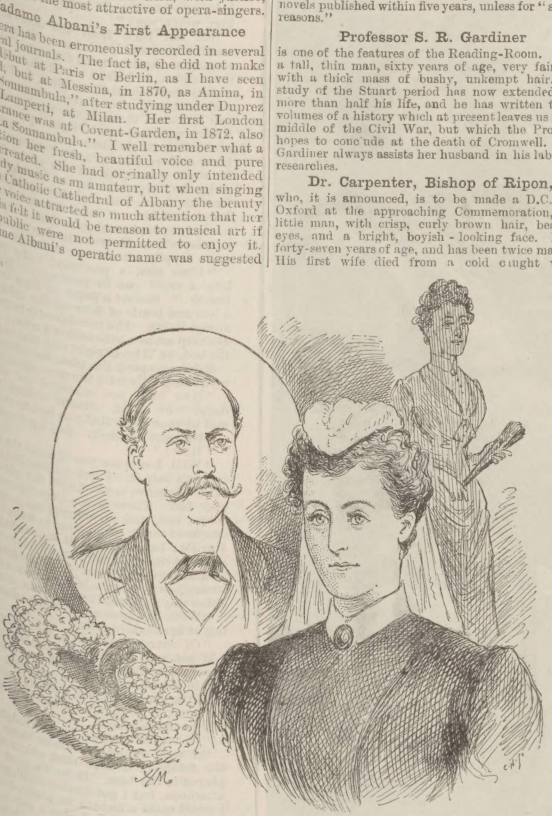
which has cast a gloom over the life of the popular composer and singer of "The Midshipmite," insensibly recalls the trial of Catherine Wilson (whom I saw hanged at the Old Bailey for a series of poisonings she had effected) and the comparatively recent acquittal of Mrs. Adelaide Bartlett on the fell charge of poisoning her husband in Pimlico. Both Mrs. Bartlett and Madeline Smith, against whom a similar accusation was brought in 1858, are said to have received many offers of marriage, the latter accepting one from a clergyman, and "living happily" ever after, or up to the present date; and the former preferring the seclusion of a convent. Under these circumstances, the rumour that Mrs. James Maybrick has also been invited to retry the married state, notwithstanding the terrible charge preferred against her, is not so surprising as it would otherwise appear to be. Whilst the late Mr. Maybrick was of middle-age, the lady charged with poisoning him is young and very prepossessing, being fair and pretty. As at the inquest, so before the Magistrates the production of the letters she had written to Mr. Alfred Brierly, and the evidence as to her alleged tampering with the medicines of the deceased, told against Mrs. Maybrick, and she was committed on the charge of "Wilful Murder." On the other hand, it should in fairness be borne in mind that a Liverpool druggist states he has frequently made up doses of arsenic for the late Mr. Maybrick, of whom a portrait-sketch appears on the opposite page next the sketches of the accused widow, who is a daughter of Baroness Roque.

M. Jean De Reszke.

At the performance of "Roméo et Juliette" at Covent-Garden, in which M. Jean De Reszké was so supremely good as the hero, I was reminded of the time when I heard this now distinguished tenor sing at a concert one of the baritone airs from Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia." This musical fact requires explanation, and this is the solution. When M. Jean De Reszké first began to sing he had such an exceptional compass that he evidently was not aware of his voice being really of tenor quality, and he might have ruined his wonderful organ but for the advice of a great musician and critic in Paris, who persuaded him to give up attempting low notes and to sing only in the middle of his register, and gradually to practise higher notes. This good advice was followed, and soon all trace of the baritone quality disappeared, until the voice seemed insensibly to take a higher range. The result is that M. Jean De Reszké may be regarded as the finest pure chest tenor since Mario. The Polish brothers De Reszké, in fact, are both held, with justice, to be two of the most attractive of opera-singers.

Madame Albani's First Appearance

in opera has been erroneously recorded in several musical journals. The fact is, she did not make her début at Paris or Berlin, as I have seen stated, but at Messina, in 1870, as Amina, in "La Sonnambula," after studying under Duprez and Lamperti, at Milan. Her first London appearance was at Covent-Garden, in 1872, also in "La Sonnambula." I well remember what a sensation her fresh, beautiful voice and pure style created. She had originally only intended to study music as an amateur, but when singing in the Catholic Cathedral of Albany the beauty of her voice attracted so much attention that her friends felt it would be treason to musical art if the public were not permitted to enjoy it. Madame Albani's operatic name was suggested



THE LATE MR. JAMES MAYBRICK AND MRS. MAYBRICK.

by Albany, where she resided (just as Madame Melba, the charming Australian prima donna, takes her operatic name from Melbourne). She is a French Canadian of good family, and her maiden name was Marie Emma Lajeunesse. Madame Albani (Mrs. Gye) is an exquisite artiste, and one of the most amiable and sweet-tempered ladies I have ever met. Her birth-place, I may add, was not Albany, but Chambly, near Montreal.

Lord Tennyson,

they say, never answers letters sent him by poetical correspondents; but that is an error. His replies are, I know, so rare that only one poet (?) in a hundred ever gets a line from him. One of my friends was fortunate enough to get the following from the Laureate:—

"The number of poems sent to me is so great that I cannot even acknowledge them. I will only say, in your case, that the poems do you honour under the circumstances; but the world takes no account of circumstances."

My friend who showed me this letter said, by way of comment, "I am glad Tennyson wrote as he did. He probably saved me from the workhouse."

The French Embassy.

I spent a most enjoyable hour the other day at the French Embassy. Madame Waddington received her guests with all the grace and kindness in the world; and I was pleased to find that her talent as a musician has not suffered through her numerous Society engagements. Several clever people, amateur and professional, dropped in, among them Madame San Martino, a charming vocalist from Berlin, who sings German lieder to perfection. But what pleased me most of all was when Count Vinci came in with his violin, and there being nobody at the moment to accompany him, Madame Waddington immediately sat down to the pianoforte and played the accompaniment to his solo in the most perfectly artistic manner. I need hardly remind those who have the privilege of visiting Madame Waddington of her gifts as a linguist, and half-a-dozen other accomplishments. Educated, as is well known, at Rugby, and Trinity College, Cambridge, the French Ambassador may fairly be regarded as half an Englishman; and the popularity of the Embassy is unquestionably enhanced by the winsome graciousness of Madame Waddington.

The National Reading-Room.

For a long time past, the delightful Reading-Room of the British Museum, with its wonderful dome, which, it is not generally known, is wider than that of St. Peter's at Rome, has been very much misused. Intended for the encouragement of research, it had become the happy hunting-ground for readers of indecent, or, maybe, of decent, novels, and not seldom of the man with an eye to business. One of this last class may any day be seen seated at a comfortable desk addressing circulars from a county directory at so much per thousand, and this, mind, at the cost of the taxpayers, who are afterwards pestered with said circulars. The authorities have not yet got rid of the circular nuisance, but they have disposed of the novel-reading nuisance; and it may be hoped that learned men like Professor Gardiner will no longer have to hunt in vain for a seat. The new "novel rule" prohibits the loan of novels published within five years, unless for "special reasons."

Professor S. R. Gardiner

is one of the features of the Reading-Room. He is a tall, thin man, sixty years of age, very fair, and with a thick mass of bushy, unkempt hair. His study of the Stuart period has now extended over more than half his life, and he has written twelve volumes of a history which at present leaves us in the middle of the Civil War, but which the Professor hopes to conclude at the death of Cromwell. Mrs. Gardiner always assists her husband in his laborious researches.

Dr. Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon,

who, it is announced, is to be made a D.C.L. of Oxford at the approaching Commemoration, is a little man, with crisp, curly brown hair, beaming eyes, and a bright, boyish-looking face. He is forty-seven years of age, and has been twice married. His first wife died from a cold caught whilst studying at the Kensington School of Cookery. This was when Dr. Carpenter was Vicar of St. James's, Holloway. It was at Paddington that the good Bishop attracted the attention of the fashionable, and he became a Canon of Windsor. His liberal, manly speech in the pulpit won the Queen's regard, and he was made Bishop of Ripon in 1884. Her Majesty stood god-mother to his first child by his second wife. The Bishop is an entertaining lecturer as well as an attractive preacher. He has written several books, but has little of the profound scholarship which we associate with the Bishop of Durham or the Bishop of Oxford.

A Very Pretty Controversy

has been going on in the *Pall Mall Gazette* between Mr. Robert Buchanan and Mr. George Bernard Shaw over Ibsen's now famous play "The Doll's House." Mr. Buchanan calls Ibsen "a Zola with a wooden leg," meaning presumably to imply that he has all Zola's realism, without his vitality. Mr. Shaw smartly retorts that Mr. Buchanan is "a critic with a wooden head"—and so the battle rages.

Mr. Robert Buchanan

we all know. The son of a well-known Socialist lecturer, he was born in Warwickshire forty-eight years ago. He first made his name by calling Swinburne and Rossetti indecent, for which he afterwards apologised. His own novels are occasionally very suggestive, particularly "The Shadow of the Sword" and "Foxglove Manor"; but some of his poetry is strong and beautiful. Mr. Buchanan makes many enemies, and, at this moment, "Edmund" of the *World*, and "Henry" of *Truth* are united in attacking him; but, as he says, he always makes it up in the end.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw

is less known to the multitude; but he has many admirers in the world of art and letters. Mr. Shaw has written two novels, equally repulsive but equally striking, "An Unsocial Socialist" and "Cashel Byron's Profession." In this last the hero is a prize-fighter who is made to marry a lady of fortune. Mr. Shaw is tall and slim, he always dresses in a snuff-coloured suit and refuses to bend in any way to social conventionalities. By some considered the ablest man in the ranks of English Socialism—William Morris is their greatest genius—his propagandist lectures startle one every moment with brilliant paradox. He is known also as the art-critic of the *World* and the musical critic of the *Star*. THE PROMPTER.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

DON'T imagine I am about to indulge in a detailed analysis of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," or to favour you with a criticism by Mrs. Weldon of the illustrious composer's grand opera. Lively and interesting as that gifted gentle woman's comments on her quondam friend's work might be, I regret I am not in a position to convey them to the public. The opera (save that it was mounted with characteristic sumptuousness and artistic beauty by Mr. Augustus Harris) had no novelty for those who cherish the remembrance of Mario's fervid love-making and Adelina Patti's nightingale notes when "Roméo et Juliette" was first produced at Covent-Garden, over twenty years ago. It is in no way approachable to Gounod's "Faust," either musically or dramatically considered; though, from the point of view of *mise-en-scène*, the impresario of Covent-Garden did all in his power to embellish Shakspeare's love tragedy. The opening ball-scene, in which a minuet is gracefully danced by witchingly apparelled coryphées in charmingly contrasted fawn, pink, and blue costumes, was as handsome as the garden-scene was beautiful. A richly-merited encore was won by the beauteous Australian songstress, Mrs. Armstrong (I beg pardon: Madame Melba), charming alike in face, figure, and voice, when she ravished the house with the melodic waltz-song. The Juliette and Roméo were worthy of each other. If M. Jean De Reszké does not quite rise to the level of dulcet-voiced Mario, an ideal lover, who does? Enough that Jean De Reszké comported himself with chivalric ease, sang divinely, and wooed and fought with earnestness—as the captivating Melba may well have inspired him to do. That grand singer, M. Edouard De Reszké, was powerful as Friar Laurent; and the principals were well matched by M. Montariol as the fiery Tybalt, M. Winogradoff as Mercutio, Mdlle. Jean De Vigne as Stephano, M. Seguin as Capulet, Madame Lablache as Gertrude, Signor Miranda as Gregorio, and Signor Castelmary (made up like Sir Frederick Leighton) as the Duke of Verona. The revival, in short, was another triumph for Mr. Harris, who is pluckily carrying on his compaign with "Lohengrin" (coupling Albani and Barton McGuckin) and "Les Huguenots," magnificently cast; relying on the current Friday night on "Don Giovanni," with the fascinating Mdlle. Marie Van Zandt, Madame Valda, and Madame Fürsch-Madi, and Mons. Lassalle.

Mr. Mapleson had the best house of the season when he produced "Faust," with Mdlle. Zelie De Lusan as heroine, at Her Majesty's, where Italian Opera is now to be run at cheap prices. This energetic entrepreneur should abandon the played-out type of gossamer opera, and rely on grand opera to draw the people. *On dit*, an enterprising syndicate has subscribed £40,000 to enable Mr. Mapleson to carry on an autumn season of opera at Her Majesty's, with promenade concerts, and a Christmas pantomime to follow.

Waning space compels me to hold over the lay of "the bold matinéer." Hie to the Lyceum this (Saturday) evening, to relish the acting of Mr. Irving, Toole, and Coquelin, and the singing of Mr. Sims Reeves, and to aid the Actors' Benevolent Fund—that is, unless you prefer an evening with the revived "Shaughraun" at the Adelphi. It speaks well for the taste of the playgoing public that Ibsen's "Doll's-House," as translated by Mr. William Archer, has "caught on" at the Novelty.

HER MAJESTY'S WAITING-MAIDS.

Mrs. Alexander, who does the London correspondence for the *Philadelphia Times*, tells in a recent letter of "the inner scenes of Queen Victoria's household." She says:—"To attend to her Majesty's toilette and wardrobe there are five maids, viz., three dressers and two wardrobe women. The senior dresser, who has been many years with her Majesty, is specially charged with the task of conveying orders to different tradespeople—jewellers, drapers, dressmakers, &c.; one dresser and one wardrobe woman are in constant attendance on the Queen, taking alternate days. When the Court is at Windsor the members of the household in attendance are one lady-in-waiting, two maids-of-honour, a lord-in-waiting, two equerries, one groom-in-waiting, also the keeper of the privy purse, the private secretary, assistants in both departments, and the master of the household."

Beethoven's Birthplace.—Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke have recently become honorary members of the committee for the institution of a Beethoven House at Bonn.

Dicks' English Library is a marvel of cheapness. No. 1 of Vol. 20 may be cited as an example. It presents for one penny the opening chapters of Harrison Ainsworth's "Rookwood," and of Robert Paltock's "Peter Wilkins," besides the continuation of Charles Dickens' "Dombey and Son," Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and other works of fiction, all illustrated by "Phiz," Cruikshank, Thackeray, and Friston.

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

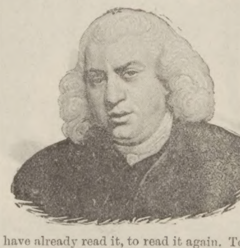
I went down to Lichfield on Saturday with the Johnson Club. We wandered through the cathedral—a beautiful building with three graceful spires—and looked at the bust and tablet to Johnson and to his pupil Garrick, as well as at the monuments to Anna Seward, Erasmus Darwin, and other writers of more or less note in their day. It was at Lichfield that Dr. Johnson was born in 1709, and it was with no slight sense of the sacredness of the spot that we Johnsonians looked at his father's house, at the statue of the great lexicographer, at the inn at which he stayed with Boswell, and the many personal relics which admiring fellow-townsmen have gathered together.

* * * * *

The Johnson Club only dates from 1884; but it claims, with some justice, to be the inheritor of the splendid traditions of the Literary Club, which included Johnson and Reynolds, Goldsmith and Garrick, Burke and Boswell amongst its members. The Mayor of Lichfield wrote to the *Times* in 1884 asking that some attempt might be made to celebrate the centenary of Johnson's death. There was practically no response to the appeal; but when the anniversary day arrived (Dec. 13, 1884) a few men of sympathetic spirit decided to meet and sup and to toast in silence "the immortal memory of Samuel Johnson." These founders of the now famous Johnson Club included the late F. W. Chesson, the secretary of the Aborigines' Protection Society; Dr. Macaulay, the editor of the *Leisure Hour*; Mr. H. W. Massingham, assistant editor and chief leader-writer of the *Star*; Mr. J. H. Thomas, leader-writer on the *Daily Chronicle*, and other journalists. Since then the club, which meets only once a quarter, has taken a still more literary flavour. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, the best of Johnson's editors, has joined it; and Mr. Augustine Birrell, the author of "Obiter Dicta." Mr. Ernest Radford, most clear-sighted of art critics, is a member; as are also Mr. H. M. Stanley, the famous traveller, and Mr. Henry Norman, the Special Commissioner for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, whose travels round the world, if they are ever published in extenso, will make him also famous.

* * * * *

Well, as the Johnson Club is restricted to thirty members we cannot all join that august body, but it is in our power to do something better—that is, to read Boswell's famous biography of his great friend, and if we



have already read it, to read it again. To do this is to put oneself in possession of a fund of anecdote, which never grows wearisome, and of a profound criticism, which never becomes antiquated. It is to become acquainted with a personality in which the interest increases with intimacy and the admiration with knowledge. It is easy enough to dwell upon Johnson's failings and foibles, but it is more profitable to recognise his essential goodness and manliness and wisdom.

* * * * *

There are some dozen or more editions of Boswell's Johnson, as well as brief digests of the book by Mr. Leslie Stephen, in the "Men of Letters Series," and by Colonel Grant in the "Great Writers' Series." Do not, my reader, read these small books; or, at any rate, only to refresh the memory when the greater book has been read. Read Boswell from cover to cover, and you will ever rejoice that you have done so, and if you cannot afford to buy Dr. Birkbeck Hill's elaborate edition, which costs three guineas, be sure you buy the late Mr. A. Napier's edition, in six volumes, in "Bohn's Library" (Bell and Son). These will cost you, it is true, three shillings and sixpence each, whereas you can buy a complete Boswell for three and sixpence; but they are so richly supplied with notes and annotations that you would do well to forego some half-dozen other books to possess them.

* * * * *

I have said that the best of Johnson's editors is Dr. Birkbeck Hill. Dr. Hill resides at Oxford, and, unlike many antiquaries, is always instructive and interesting. He has written many books on Johnson, and has promised many more. His "Johnson and his Contemporaries" and his "Wit and Wisdom of Samuel Johnson" are valuable works. He is now engaged upon a "Life of Boswell," and a luxuriously-illustrated quarto treating of Johnson's haunts. This will not only include the Lichfield home and the numerous dwellings in the purlieus of Fleet-street, but will even trace the Doctor's Highland travels. It is to help him in this that Dr. Birkbeck Hill has just gone off to the Hebrides.

TATLER.

A WEALTHY AMERICAN POET.

Speaking to an interviewer, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes mentioned that one American poet, at least, is a wealthy man.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, said Dr. Holmes, is the connecting link between the old and the new schools of American poetry. He is a word-juggler, who sets a thought spinning through bewildering lines, in and out, hither and thither, as if seeking the goal of a labyrinth puzzle. He is a master of the fanciful forms of verse, and is, moreover, a typical Bostonian of to-day. Aldrich represents in wealth something like 200,000 dols. Besides his Ponkapog home, out in the country, he owns a beautiful place at the seaside, up at Lynn, and then there is his elegant home on Mount Vernon-street, worth at least 50,000 dols., besides his personal property. He has an old bachelor friend in town who is as rich as a Jew, and Aldrich will some day inherit his wealth.

A leading West-End Photographer is reported to sell four or five times as many portraits of Mr. Balfour as of any other member of the Government.

He lit a clay pipe of powerful odour, and disposed himself for genteel conversation.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY-MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER leaving the Temple, Ralph's way took him across the river. A longish walk led him to a shabby street in a shabby quarter, where the houses seem to have been constructed of second-hand materials. There is something of that look about the people who live in them. In the broad, cheerful spring sunlight the whole district looked more desolate and cheerless than some better-favoured places could look in the depth of winter.

The sound of a violin, playing the air of a plaintive old ballad, came from the second floor of the house at which Ralph knocked. The door was opened by a slatternly woman, with stockings down at heel and strings of disorderly hair escaping from an untidy bunch at the back of her head. She looked unamiable and aggressive, and as if she had been recently indulging in active exercise of some kind. A sound of childish lamentation in the basement, indistinctly audible to Ralph as he knocked, soared up with startling emphasis as the door was opened, and drowned the more melodious cry of the violin in the upper storey.

"Miss Dundonald, if you please," said Ralph.

"Sec'n' floor," snapped the woman, and retreated, leaving him to close the door. As he mounted the stairs the wailing from below came up with redoubled stridency, accented at regular intervals by a dull thud, as though somebody with a cultivated ear for time were beating a carpet. There were four doors upon the second landing, but Ralph, guided by the strains of the fiddle, went straight to the one he sought. At his summons on its panels the music ceased, and a woman's voice, with a quick, breathless catch in it, cried "Come in!" He turned the latch, and entered. As he did so a girl, seated beside the window, rose with a glad cry of welcome, and ran into his arms.

Before an Areopagus of his own sex Ralph would have found as easy and complete an excuse for his mésalliance as any man could need. Female beauty, in these favoured islands, is as common as blackberries, and no man need go lonely for the want of a pretty partner. But such beauty as that of Ralph's wife was never common in any age or country, and she would have shown in almost any conceivable society of her sex like a bude-light among tapers. She was half a head taller than the average English-woman, and the effect of her stature was increased by a mass of purple-black hair of wonderful volume and colour. She was large-limbed and deep-breasted, and moved with that unconscious solid grace remarkable in the gait of some of the nobler animals. The sight of Ralph had brought a clear, rich flush of colour to her cheeks and a dewy light to her great black eyes, which softened a beauty otherwise too purely majestic to a tender womanliness, and made it more beautiful still.

"Ralph!" she cried, and stood trembling with her arms about him. He kissed her, hurriedly and shamefacedly: "I had given you up altogether. I thought you had left me for good."

He muttered something indistinctly, and led her back to her seat. She sank into it, still holding his hands and looking up into his eyes. The flush of colour had faded, and her face was pale and tired, and even a little lined. There was such a pathetic hunger in it that Ralph stooped over her, and brought the colour back into her cheek with a tenderer kiss. She leaned her head upon his shoulder with a stifled sob, and for a while let her tears run in silence. They were happier than those which she had shed alone for many weary days.

"I've brought you some money, Stasie. I didn't get your letter until it was two days old—until last night. I'm sorry you've been so hard up, dear." He felt the phrase to be a little feeble in the circumstances, and hastened to eke it out with another kiss. "Come, dear! don't cry. You know it hurts me horribly to see you cry!"

She dried her eyes, and kept the tears back resolutely, though now and then a sob would force its way in spite of all her courage.

"I couldn't help it, my darling. It was seein' you, so unexpected. There, I won't be foolish any more. But, oh dear! what a time I have had of it! No work, and that old cat positively livin' on the landing, and talking about turning us out 'till my blood ran cold! Such a time! But there, it's over now. You mustn't mind me having a bit of a cry, Ralph. It's like the measles with us women. It's got to come out sometimes, or kill us."

"How's baby?" asked Ralph, glancing towards a curtain which converted one half the chamber into a separate room.

"Oh, bless him! He's all right again. I thought when I wrote to you that his little clock was going to stop altogether—the poor darling! Come and look at him."

The child lay asleep on the shabby coverlid, flushed and rosy, with his little fists curled on his breast, and a wandering lock of golden hair stirring in his equable breath. Ralph kissed him lightly; he knew from former experience what an effect the least caress to the child could have upon the mother, and perhaps for a moment the child's beauty stirred some fatherly feeling in his heart. Stasie kissed him fervently as he raised his head, and he felt a warm tear on his cheek, and for a moment his own eyes were dim. He was not a bad fellow at bottom, if he could have told the truth or been faithful to anything or anybody for an hour together.

"There," said his wife, putting the violin in its case, and hanging it up with simulated business preparatory to putting on her hat, "you sit down and make yourself comfortable for a minute or two, while I go out and get some dinner. You must go myself, for if I was to give a fiver to that old beast"—she always referred to the landlady by some abusive epithet—"I should never see a penny of it. She'd sneak the lot. I shall be back in a minute. If baby wakes, you'll mind him, won't you?"

She ran back from the door to give him another kiss, and bustled out. Ralph heard her singing as she descended the stair. He heaved a deep sigh as he looked round the room, with its rickety red-legged little table, and two ragged rush-bottomed chairs for sole furniture, and the sun streamed through the window and threw a square patch of crude light upon the floor, accentuating its desolate bareness. He shrugged his shoulders, and turned to the window, where he stood drumming on the panes till the child woke, and began to cry at the sight of his unfamiliar figure and the absence of his mother. Ralph took him on his knee, and dandled him tenderly enough, and gave him a bunch of keys to play with. He was crowing and spluttering quite happily when Stasie returned.

"Bless him, a precious!" she said, giving him a rapid pat in passing. "His mother's beauty." She set a paper of ham and beef and a loaf and bottle of beer on the table. "Come along, Ralph. The perwisions is perwided. I'm as sharp set as a rat-catcher's tyke. Put him on the bed, he'll be all right with that to play him with."

Ralph accepted the plate she offered him, and toyed languidly with the meat upon it.

"How have you managed for the last few days?" he asked, without looking up. "You said in your letter that you had no money."

"No more I hadn't. But I got some."

"How?"

"Well, I suppose you'll scold me for it, but I couldn't help it. I got a letter from the Cantata of St. Margaret's, you know, the popular place I used to play for. There was a popular concert night before last, and he offered me a guinea for a couple of tunes. They were to have had Madame Murillo; but she was ill or something, and couldn't come. I showed the letter to that old catamaran down-stairs; but she hadn't got the money, or wouldn't lend it—its all the same either way. I couldn't go as I am, could I now?"

"Well, I suppose not," Ralph admitted, glancing at her shabby dress.

"Of course I couldn't, and every other rag I'd got was at my uncle's. So I thought, as once you wouldn't mind—there wasn't time to sup in the place, my dear, and Lord knows what the little darling—bless him, a pretty one he is!—ha' done, if I hadn't. I *had* to do it, Ralph, as it's no use talking."

"What did you do?" asked Ralph.

"I went round to two or three houses with the fiddle—I'd kept that out, somehow—and played in the bars. It isn't a good time in the afternoon, but I got twelve shillings. I believe I could make a fortune at night, Ralph. It's a bit low, certainly; I don't say it isn't; but beggars mustn't be choosers. There now, don't rile up. I made enough to get the things out. It looked all right, and nobody could be expected to know as there wasn't anything under it."

Her facile good spirits, which Ralph must have known were only a holiday garb worn in his presence, her whole-hearted affection and courage, touched him somewhat. They would have touched him more deeply, but that his fastidious taste was offended at every other word she spoke. It was decidedly unfortunate that a little of her magnificent beauty of form and colour had not been spared to make her voice more musical. She had a rather full-flavoured Cockney accent, which is the cultured name for what verjuice is to the palate, and her voice was a little strident. Like a peacock her gorgeous to behold, but not pretty to listen to. And a sweet voice is indeed an excellent thing in woman. Elsie Arkinstall's, for instance, with the clear, soft *timbre* of a flute. The very tone the only gate by which beauty enters the soul. How, in the name of wonder, Ralph would himself, had he ever come to marry a woman who called herself Anastasia Dundonald, had had a voice like that?

The explanation was simple, and not more simple than characteristic. When Ralph wanted a thing he wanted it with every inch of his body, and every fibre of his body, and would have done anything—except, perhaps, work—to get it. When at last he took the desperate step, and offered to marry her, another struggle awaited him. He was certain that she loved him, he had her own confession of the fact. He had anticipated that at once, and was prepared would come to hand at once, and was ready to the most amazed man alive when she refused.

"You wouldn't marry me if you could help it, Ralph," she said, with the directness of women of her class. "Would you now?"

you wouldn't. Oh!" she continued, with a melancholy little laugh at his lowering face, "I know. You needn't get waxy about it. You're a kind of a wife should I make for you? There, 'nodding gentleman. I'm not a lady. There, 'nodding of the lady about me—not a bacon.

tired of me in a month, and wish yourself free again. Yes, you would, and where should I be then? It isn't good enough. I suppose I ought to thank you for the offer. Well, I do. It's the biggest compliment ever I got. Take my tip, Ralph: go away and find a lady of your own class—there's lots of 'em prettier than me, I'm no such wonder as all that comes to—somebody as you can be proud of, and show to all the world. And when you're married and happy," all her courage could not keep her voice from faltering here, "you'll think of what I said, and thank me for it. Come, no nonsense. Shake hands. Good-bye, and good luck."

She had persisted in this refusal for some time. She had acceded at last in pure pity for him, almost venturing, in spite of a very keen prevision to the contrary, to hope that even when the first flame of his love had passed there might be heat enough left in its embers to warm her heart at. They were happy enough for a little time, till Ralph got tired of her, as he did of everything, and left her more and more to herself. She had foreseen this, and accepted it, after the usual forlorn and hopeless efforts which every woman will make to revive a dying love. She never reproached him, or met him after his longest absence with anything but the old undiminished affection.

"By Gad, Stasie," he had said to her one day, "I believe if I were to send you out to buy a razor to cut your throat with you'd do it."

"I daresay I should," she had answered, with the tranquil self-contempt of a woman who loves a man she despises. She had no illusions about Ralph. She knew him to be worthless and faithless, and went on loving him all the same. There are natures so rich in affection that they welcome offences—have almost a need of them, to show how much they can forgive.

When the meal was over, Stasie took the child upon her knee, and sat at the window, singing to him in a low undertone. Ralph remained at the table with a cigarette between his teeth, pursuing his own fancies, which, to judge by his expression, were comfortless enough. Presently a knock sounded at the street-door, and, after an interval of a minute or so, a shrill whistle was heard rapidly mounting the stairs. Ralph started at the first note, and turned an inquiring eye on his wife. She went pale, and flushed a little.

"Yes, dear," she said; "it's Michael." She hesitated for a moment, and then added: "He came out on Monday. He's living here, in the next room."

She had no time to say more, for at that moment the door opened, and a young man made his appearance. He was an undersized, snub-nosed youth, with a cheery, irrelevant, self-approving impudence visible in every line of his face and curve of his body. He was undeniably undersized, and undeniably ugly, and yet, incredible as the statement may appear, there was a resemblance to Anastasia somewhere in his ungainly person, though where it lurked would have been an impossibility to say. He stopped short in his whistle at sight of Ralph, and repaid that gentleman's look of contemptuous disapproval by a genial, stiff-necked nod.

"How goes it, guv'nor?" he inquired, and passing him, kissed Anastasia, brother-like, with careless rapidity, and whistled to the baby, who crowed and kicked at the sight of him.

"Brayvo, Smallbones," said the new-comer. "Grows more like his uncle every day, don't he?" His eye fell upon the table. "'Am!" He smiled. "Beer!" he grinned outright, and took hold of the bottle; but, discovering it to be empty, the grin faded, and gave way to an expression of deep disgust.

"You can get it filled again, Michael," said his sister, holding out a shilling. Michael's mobile countenance brightened. He accepted the proffered coin, and rattled away downstairs.

"Can't you find any other place for him?" asked Ralph, moodily.

"Why, my dear, it's natural for brother and sister to be together if they can. I'm afraid he's been a bit wild, poor fellow; but I hope he'll try and keep straight now. I had some very nice letters about him from the chaplain." Ralph groaned, and, rising, began to walk up and down the room. "D' ye think, dear," she hazarded, timidly, "as you could help me to find him anything to do?"

"My dear child," Ralph answered her, "I'm not a registry office. If you found him anything, he wouldn't do it."

"I think he'd be steady, dear, if I could get him something. It's been a lesson to him, and he feels it more than you'd think, being always so light-hearted and merry."

"Look here, now," said Ralph, pausing in his walk, "there's one thing that had better be understood clearly at once. He may live here, or anywhere else he chooses, for what I care; but he's not going to live on me. I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world, my dear; but I know Mr. Michael by heart. He's just the kind of fellow who'll live on anybody who will allow him to sponge on him." Ralph's contempt of this ignoble trait in his brother-in-law was evidently very strong. "As things go with me at present, I can't afford to increase your allowance." As the last week's instalment of that allowance was now something like two years overdue, Anastasia might easily have found the opportunity for a telling retort; but she merely sighed, and sat silent. "You may spend it as it pleases you, of course," continued Ralph, with a vague air of generous compassion for the foible of sisterly affection; "but I'm not going to have the lazy beggar living at my expense."

"Very well, dear," she said patiently; and at that moment Michael returned. He sat at the table, and took a draught from the bottle previous to attacking the bread and ham. He ate and drank greedily, with animal noises of gluttonous enjoyment. "Beats the Gover'ment tack, hands down," he remarked cheerfully to Ralph, who suffered under him in silence. He was a decidedly ineligible brother-in-law, in many particulars. He smelt as if he habitually spent a good deal of his time in a stable, and, as if he had just come from one, calling at a cheese factory and a gin-shop *en route*. He was objectionably light-hearted and familiar in his manner of address. He had laid his hat on the table before beginning to eat, and thus disclosed the circumstance that his hair was unfashionably short, and had been cut with blunt scissors by an incomplete artist, careless of symmetry. He wore a suit of tweed check, of so very pronounced a pattern that his back might have served as a chess-board, and an aniline crimson tie which was a veritable chromatic blasphemy.

Having finished the ham and beef, and emptied the bottle, he lit a clay pipe of powerful odour, and disposed himself for genteel conversation.

"What are you game to stand for a tip now?" he asked Ralph. "A real good un; a moral—safe as the bank?" Ralph made no answer. "I've got one as is good for any amount you like to lay on it. If I had a million I'd risk it. I'd put my shirt on it. Look here, five bob won't break you, will it, now? *The* tip of the season, and no error, offered for five bob. Any takers? Now's your time!"

Michael's communication, which he told roundaboutly, tautologically, and using vain repetitions as the heathens do, amounted to this. That there was entered for the Goldmore Stakes, still some time distant, a horse of the name of Peppercorn, whose qualities were unknown to the sporting world, and would be kept carefully in the background until publicly displayed for the glory and profit of his owner. Peppercorn's stable-boy was Michael's bosom friend, and by his good offices he, Michael, had been enabled to witness Peppercorn's morning gallop that very day from the retreat of a dry ditch. There was nothing else in the race, Michael averred, to come within measurable distance of the dark one except Fairy Queen, and here came in the best of his story. Both Peppercorn and Fairy Queen were owned by the same man, and the owner was getting all the money he could cautiously place on commission on Peppercorn, so that Fairy Queen was obviously not "meant." The thing was a dead certainty, as sweet and sure as it could be, and the only fear was that the odds at which the dark horse was going should shorten.

"It can't last much longer," said Michael, "so now's your time. If you've got a thick 'un in the world, if you can raise one by mowing the grass off of your mother's grave, put it on. It'll be such a clean-out for the bookies as they haven't had this ten year, and it'd be a sin to miss it."

Ralph walked up and down the room, biting his nails.

"What about Pericles?" he asked.

"What about what?" demanded Michael.

"Pericles. He was at seven to three in yesterday's paper."

"Pericles!" repeated Michael with contempt. "Why, he's got legs like a Chippendale chair, and no more wind than 'd blow a candle out. There's nothing like Peppercorn. You should just ha' seen him this morning. He'll run like a tailor's bill, and stay like a woman in a bonnet shop. And I'll tell you what. There'll be a par in to-morrow's paper saying as he strained a muscle in to-day's run. That's all pickles, that is—just to keep the price going. I tell you, they know their way about in that stable, and what they don't know nobody can't teach 'em."

"That will appear to-morrow morning, eh?" said Ralph.

"To-morrow morning," repeated Michael.

"We shall see," said Ralph to himself. He threw two half-crowns to Michael, who caught them dexterously, and immediately afterwards remembered an important engagement, and went out to keep it. After another interval of silent nail-biting, Ralph crossed over to his wife.

"I must be off now, Stasie."

"Already?"

"Yes. Don't make a fuss about it, there's a good girl. I shall be back in a day or two to stay some time, and bring some money with me, I hope."

"If it comes out of that beastly horse-racing," said Stasie, "it'll be the first I ever saw."

"I have something else in prospect, besides that," said Ralph, kissing her.

She returned his embrace, clinging to him until he disengaged himself, and sat hushing the child, and listening to Ralph's footsteps until they faded from hearing at the corner of the street.

(*To be continued.*)

Mr. Edison is reported, in a conversation with a reporter who solicited his ideas on the subject of the projected world's fair in New York (says *Iron*), as saying he would take an acre of space in such a fair and completely cover it with his inventions, of which he has no less than seventy now under way. "One of the most peculiar, and now promising good result," said Mr. Edison, "is what I may call a far-sight machine." By means of this extraordinary invention he hopes to be able to increase the range of vision by hundreds of miles, so that, for instance, "a man in New York could see the features of his friend in Boston with as much ease as he could see a performance on the stage. "That," he add, "would be an invention worthy a prominent place in the world's fair, and I hope to have it perfected long before 1892.

The Secret of Success.—What commands the spontaneous homage of Mankind? Stirling Honesty of Purpose! Without it Life is a Sham! "A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams. Caution.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked Eno's "Fruit Salt." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists. Prepared only at Eno's "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's patent.—[Advt.]

ART FOR THE PEOPLE

I am showing two more reproductions of this year's important pictures: one is Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A.'s, "On the Terrace," a classical subject treated in his well-known manner, and exhibited in the Royal Academy; and the second is Mr. Herbert Marshall's "Evening in the City," hung at the Royal Water-Colour Society. There are few artists who have rendered the wet and mist and atmosphere of London as successfully as Mr. Marshall. His pictures will be a wonderful record for future generations.

Any number of small exhibitions have opened this month. At Dowdeswell's Gallery are the busts of our leading men by Conrad Dressler, and if all their names are not familiar to you I suppose you must put it down to your own ignorance. A few you know only too well — John Ruskin, William Morris, Algernon Charles Swinburne, Henry M. Stanley, for example; but it would be difficult to explain why George Grossmith, amusing as he is, or John L. Toole should be included among our leaders. The busts vary in excellence as much as they do in subject. That of Stanley is one of the strongest.

At the Goupil Galleries are some of Mr. Peppercorn's landscapes, which faintly suggest Corot, and which are less affected and ambitious than the description of them in the catalogue. M. Pertuiset, a lion-slayer like the famous Tartarin of Tarascon, shows, in the Gainsborough Gallery, pictures of lion and tigers and African and South American landscapes, which he painted without even having studied art, and several years after his hunting expeditions in the wilds. But go to his exhibition, if only to look at the three or four paintings it includes of Manet, the great French impressionist. At the Burlington Gallery are several specimens of the work of Mr. Ives, an American sculptor, somewhat in the pretty conventional style of the modern Italians who supply the foreign demand in Italy. They would show to little advantage in the Salon.

More important than these exhibitions are Cassell's black-and-white show at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, and the Works of English Humorists at the Royal Institute, Piccadilly.

If you take the least interest in the illustrated publications of to-day, you must be careful not to miss the first of these two shows. You will there find drawings, if not of all the best black-and-white men of to-day, at least of those who contribute to many Cassell magazines. You will see in how many different mediums illustrators work. There are pen-and-ink, pencil, charcoal, water-colour drawings, and studies in oil. Some are on white paper, some on tinted. For a student of black-and-white, the collection has a practical value, for all the draughtsmen represented have worked specially for reproduction by wood-engraving when they have used oils or wash or pencil, by photo-engraving when they have drawn in pen-and-ink.

I would call your attention particularly to the work of George L. Seymour, with his charming English landscapes; and Fred Barnard, with his character studies from Dickens.

The scope of the Humourists' Exhibition is, of course, far wider, and it has really greater historic than artistic interest. Unfortunately, there are very few examples of Hogarth — an omission difficult to understand, especially as almost an entire gallery is devoted to the work of Thomas Rowlandson, much of which could have been dispensed with. However, it is a wonderful revelation, not only of the customs and habits and fashions of our forefathers, but of their honesty in owning up to them. Ally Sloper, who is the type of the gin-loving Englishman of to-day, is refinement itself compared with some of Rowlandson's drunken gentlemen. People to-day can scarcely be said to be less coarse and brutal than they were at the beginning of the century, but caricaturists and humourists are less fearless. It is difficult to choose any one particular drawing of Rowlandson's to give as a good example of his work; but I think "A Landing Place" is thoroughly characteristic. It shows something of his method of composition; it contains the exaggeration in the figures of men and women in which he delighted, and which in many other drawings becomes excessively unpleasant, while it also is interesting as a record of the buildings and streets of his day.

Gillray's subjects are almost always political, his heartiest laugh being at the expense of George III. and Queen Charlotte.

ANOTHER ACADEMY PICTURE: "ON THE TERRACE."
BY MR. E. J. POYNTER, R.A.

Cruikshank and Leech, Phiz and Seymour, it must be confessed, are less important, from an artistic standpoint, than many of their modern successors, though their drawings bear awful testimony to the hideous fashions of their times. Leech makes one wonder how women ever reconciled themselves to hoop-skirts.

To come down to work done to-day, that of Charles Keene is well to the front. Among the contributions from *Punch* Mr. Furniss, Mr. Tenniel, Mr. Sambourne, Mr. Du Maurier are also represented; but none have the force, the expression, the technique, or the humour of Mr. Keene. Mr. Fred Barnard and Mr. Charles Green's illustrations to Dickens are far better than anything Cruikshank and his contemporaries could do or did. Mr. W. G. Baxter, whose death has been a great loss to English caricature, shows in the "Ally Sloper" series what a master he was, both of caricature and drawing. Altogether this is an exhibition which you must by no means neglect.

"EVENING IN THE CITY."
BY MR. HERBERT MARSHALL, AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

Tiger-Hunting in China.—An Amoy correspondent writes:—Another noble tiger was shot four days ago by Messrs. Harding and Leyburn about ten miles from Amoy. The beast was really killed by Mr. Harding, the other gentleman putting in a bullet as a matter of precaution. A mob of some 2000 men nearly blocked the way to the boats, and seemed determined to get possession of the body of "stripes"; but by the exercise of the greatest control over their tempers, the sportsmen escaped with their prey to Amoy. The native trackers employed by our indefatigable sportsmen, discovered that two tigers have been roaming about Amoy Island for the last year, killing dogs and pigs, and generally depredating the well-known picnic ground known as Helms Valley. One was actually seen there, but has since found shelter, probably in the inaccessible caves of the Ten Thousand Rocks.

Thousands of People have tried the effect of wearing Harness' Electropathic Battery Belt for the prevention or cure of disease, and in every case the result has been most satisfactory. All in search of health should wear this, the only bonâ-fide reliable galvanic belt, recommended by thousands (see testimonials), for the immediate relief and speedy cure of all rheumatic and nervous affections, impaired vitality, liver and kidney diseases, ladies' ailments, &c. Pamphlet and advice free on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Medical Electrician, the Medical Battery Company (Limited), 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). Note only address.—[Advt.]

The Racing World

After all it seems that Lord Durham's legal army was biding its time in the Chetwynd-Durham battle. The earlier proceedings were dull and formal almost to perfunctoriness, if I may manufacture the word to order. Later, Sir George Chetwynd's cross-examination concluded, and his trainer and jockey came on the stand, as the Americans put it, which, in many instances, turns out equivalent for on the rack. Messrs. Sherrard and Wood had very lively times.

* * * * *

Without seeking to prejudge, and far less to prejudice, a case not completely presented to the arbitration court and the public, we may safely say that should anyone happen to want a good cross-examiner to operate on his foes, and does not know where to find a star-artist in this line, he might hear of a likely professor on applying either to Mr. Charles Wood or Mr. Richard Sherrard. Charley Wood was well represented in his newspaper libel case, which now appears to have been virtually defended by Lord Durham; but no one could do for him what Sir Charles Russell has done against him; because there does not happen to be another leading barrister steeped in racing technique to the finger-nails.

* * * * *

Only last week I heard one race-horse owner, who had been given a Turkish bath in the witness-box by Sir Charles Russell, advise another owner, who might be called in this case if certain facts cropped up. Said he, "If you are put through by him, don't answer the simplest question—what your name is, or how old you are—'Yes' or 'No,' or any other way, till you have had a minute to think, and then tell the truth. You will want all the minute to pull yourself together and make sure you are right in what you honestly believe at the moment to be right. If you make the slightest mistake accidentally you are a gone coon; and if you were to try to wilfully put him wrong, Heaven help you!"

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S DONOVAN, WINNER OF THE DERBY.
DRAWN BY MR. JOHN STURGESS.

* * * * *

The postscript clinched the estimate of the sporting lawyer, "Keep out of the box if you can, if you have to go to New Zealand to dodge a subpœna." That is my advice, which is what I should tell George Washington if he were alive and asked me for a tip under similar circumstances. George Washington could no more have persuaded a British jury or arbitrators that he "did it with his little axe" than that he was heir-apparent to the House of Brunswick if a Sir Charles Russell were on him.

* * * * *

Not counting the witnesses and others who would have much preferred not being personally present at the trial, and would far rather have been anywhere but in the High Court of Justice, Temple Bar, all were delighted when the hearing was adjourned over Ascot. Fancy the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who are *ex officio* Stewards of the Ascot Race Meeting, sticking to arbitrate instead of doing the races on the breezy heath!

* * * * *

We had quite a scare a little while ago, before a date was fixed for the cause's hearing, because it was rumoured that it might come on in Derby week, and all the best jockeys be dangling their heels about the court instead of, perhaps, digging them or their spurs into the flanks of a thoroughbred on Epsom Downs. Their potential fate, which did not become matter of history for a certain reason, was scarcely harder than that of Mr. Jemmy Smithers, the Senior Steward, last week. He was obliged to be on the bench, or a step lower than that elevation, on which so many legal Judges, Bishop and jackdaw-like, also find a perch and dormitory too, while King Monmouth was beating Fullerton and Goldseeker at Manchester.

* * * * *

Goldseeker, who after the City and Suburban win was accounted by many the best four-year-old in the country, tried to do too much in the Salford Borough Handicap, but *did* fairly try all he knew. Later, when asked to accomplish a far lighter feat, and beat a very moderate three-year-old at 25 lb. difference, he cut it when he had as good as won. Unless he mends his manners, and that speedily, the City and Suburban will prove a far dearer race even than was thought for the party who dropped money at Epsom, where they had every opportunity to win a fortune apiece. The horse appears to have lost all heart for racing, as thoroughbreds will when once overtaxed. Nothing is more likely to make a previously generous animal a rogue than giving him a hard race when unfit.

* * * * *

Apropos of rogues, we had two of the sort first and second in the Manchester Cup. Cotillon has hitherto persuaded the public that he was of an untrustworthy character; but on Friday he took the Cup very handsomely indeed, and by dint of staying, which generally depends on gameness. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's horse is of the sort which seems to be doing all right and able to win with a little extra exertion, which does not come. Thrice lately he looked all over a winner not far from the goal, and then was beaten.

* * * * *

Now, Indian Prince is a rogue of another description. In a race itself he may be trusted to do all he can when once started. The dreadful trouble is to get him to the starting-place with all of his jockey on him. At Liverpool, in his morning gallop, he went down on his knees and surveyed the turf; and at Manchester, on Friday, was very anxious to eat Sammy Loates, because the said Sam tried to make him join in the preliminary canter. Go the way desired the colt would not. He didn't get his way exactly, but succeeded admirably in making himself conspicuous, and upsetting other people's little arrangements.

* * * * *

While the rest of the field were at the starting-post, and Lord Marcus Beresford also, an official not fond of being kept waiting, the Indian Prince was slowly and unwillingly making his circuit of the course, and doing so as if it would be a very great satisfaction, indeed, to him if he could drag out the process till Lord Marcus lost all patience and sent the race off without him. Thanks to the man on his back and the one at his head that did not happen, and, as history relateth, he went with the others and beat all but Cotillon.

Mr. Douglas Baird two years ago won the Whitsuntide Plate with Briar-Root, who, as a three-year-old, took the One Thousand Guineas. Last year we saw the handsome flyer Chitabob beat Donovan in it, but 'Bob was receiving nearly a stone weight from the Duke of Portland's Derby winner that was to be. Mr. Baird very nearly scored again on Saturday, for his Partagon—who is by Bend Or out of a mare closely allied to Ormonde's dam, and so a brother in blood to the Duke of Westminster's champion—was beaten by a head only by Signorina.

* * * * *

Her owner, Chevalier Gineshetti, has been lucky on the New Barns course, as he took the Manchester November Handicap some years back with Raffaello, a real outsider. This fine and hardy-looking filly, whose dam, Star of Portici, was bred in Italy, was anything but an outsider for the Two-Year-Old Plate, worth £4000, but with only £3400 to the winner if owned by the nominator. She finished as nearly as possible first favourite. In the race at one time she was so badly shut in that it seemed a sheer impossibility for Rickaby to get her through after he lost his place. No more dashing, determined jockey than Rickaby is now riding. He found an opening, and went for it at a tremendous pace. Tom Cannon, who has been unwell, was on Partagon, who turned out Signorina's most dangerous opponent, and is considered unapproachable as a finisher on a two-year-old. Do all he could Tom could not get ahead of Rickaby, who landed by a head.

* * * * *

In 1863 the first Grand Prix de Paris—the race which was to bring British sportsmen and Gallic into better understanding—was run for the first time, and won by Mr. Savile's The Ranger, ridden by Jem Goater, whose name has cropped up frequently in relation to the Chetwynd libel suit. That Sunday in the Bois de Boulogne was a very remarkable one in racing history. Napoleon III., whose character may or may not have been properly understood then, as represented lately, certainly deserved to make himself popular with Englishmen, and this big three-year-old race, open to us foreigners, was a means to that end. The Grand Prix brought an enormous number of English racing folk to France, and many times over the amount donated by the railway companies and the city of Paris was spent by our people.

* * * * *

Napoleon and the Empress, who dwells now so near to the Ascot where we have been racing this week, had a great reception by the British bookmakers, whose business, which is literally a vocation, keeps them in perfect training for shouting. The gay Parisian never before, nor since, heard such a noise as the noble army of fielders raised to greet the Emperor. They were led by big John Greaves, the Pontefract giant, who stands 7 ft. 2 in. high, and is big in proportion about the chest and shoulders. He conveyed a sort of impression of being only a sample, and that we were in the habit of keeping plenty of bookmakers of this size in stock.

* * * * *

In those days it was considered quite natural that we should carry off the prize, and though horse-breeding for racing in France was well on the way towards the excellence shortly to be manifested, our thoroughbreds were accepted as the better as a rule, though exceptions were on record. What is more, for the only time in the history of the race was the result received by the French populace in sportsmanlike spirit. Since then the rule has been that when they have won they have blown terribly, and when they have lost have been very nasty indeed. Fred Archer had very unpleasant times of it more than once, and has been glad indeed to get from the course into the *pesage*, where he was safe from the mob who insulted and abused him for the offence of beating their national horses. The last time poor Fred was a winner in the Bois de Boulogne he began steering to get into the weighing-paddock almost before he passed the post.

* * * * *

Tom Cannon's experience has been also unpleasant, though not of quite the same character. He swore by the great gods of Clusium and elsewhere that he would suffer kissing no more. The Frenchmen were so delighted when he got Frontin home in 1883 that they overwhelmed him with attentions that disgusted Tom, and he declared that not for the whole stake would he take another dose of it. Next year, however, he was there all right, winning on Little Duck. That was the year before poor Fred Archer lost the race with Paradox, and learned how differently you may be treated as you happen to suit the crowd. While on the two previous anniversaries Cannon was overwhelmed with congratulations and actually kissed on the first for winning, Archer was nearly gone for in 1885, and learned a lesson to be smart in clearing off the track. He used to complain bitterly of the unsportsmanlike way in which not only French jockeys, but English ones settled in France, behaved in riding against visitors.

* * * * *

Now and then the City of Paris has threatened to withdraw the subsidy of £2000, their share of the £4000, of which the five great railway companies contribute the other moiety. Some of these people argue that the money is frequently won by Perfide Albion, and ought to be kept for the French only. The railway companies do not see it in this light, but the Grand Prix, as it stands, has had narrow risks of disestablishment.

* * * * *

That Vasistas' chance for the Grand Prix de Paris was thought of next to no value at all may be judged from M. Delamarre's running him on the day previous in a race of £426. Only think of the Duke of Portland sending Donovan on the Tuesday before the Derby to win £400 in a mile and seven furlong race at Epsom! I cannot make the simile quite go into working order, because you cannot find a course of a mile and seven furlongs at Epsom unless you used a bit of the tan gallop, which follows the line of the old cup track on the Downs. But we shall be near enough if we take the St. Leger, which is much about the same length as the Grand Prix distance, though a little more.

The World of Pastime

American Yachtsmen

have made up their minds to one of two things in connection with the race for the America Cup—either there will be no race or Valkyrie will be beaten worse than was Thistle. A very strong opinion exists now that there will be no race. It is scarcely likely that the Royal Yacht Squadron will give way on the question of the deed of gift, and as the New York Y.C. will not, a deadlock must ensue.

In the event of the race for the Cup falling through, America will, so it is said, send over a yacht to compete for a Queen's Cup. There can be no question that such a visit would be fraught with the greatest possible interest; but it should be decided upon and made soon, for yachting is now in full swing, and we do not race on for ever. The Americans have a desire to measure themselves with Irex, and a visit to our shores seems likely to be the only way of gratifying this wish, for the owner of Irex shows no inclination to go to America. If an American yacht came to England at the proper season she would find plenty of work for her to do.

Again has the public appetite for the mysterious been gratified by

"Paradox"-ical Reports

of the wonderful 70-foot racing-lugger that was launched at Eastbourne a fortnight ago. She is now being fitted with her racing gear at Cowes, and again we are told that if she comes up to her owner's expectations, she will be "selected" to race for the America Cup. Who is to do the selecting is not stated. But of course no vessel other than Valkyrie can this year race for the America Cup. If Paradox turns out the wonder which her sanguine owner anticipates, but which yachting men do not, she may challenge for a race in 1890, but not before.

The Henley Programme

begins to shape itself into something like form. For the Diamond Sculls there will probably be only three starters, viz.:—The holder, Guy Nickalls; Döering, the German; and Psotta, the American, scullers. Nickalls will not be an easier man to beat than he was last year, for he has been practising assiduously and carefully. Psotta does not take the eye at Henley, where he is practising. He has been a trifle out of sorts, and will show up better than he has done: but his style impresses no one favourably, and there is not enough life in it for the course. Döering is always a dangerous man.

Great interest will centre in

The Leander Eight,

got together by that fine Cambridge oarsman, S. D. Muttlebury. To begin with, the four afterthwarts are filled by four of the victorious Cambridge crew of 1888 and 1889, rowing in precisely the order in which they did in those two races, Gardner being stroke. At bow is W. F. C. Holland, admittedly *facile princeps* in that position, whatever he may be as a stroke. A crew with such a nucleus cannot be but very dangerous, and the Thames R.C. will have to quite equal their last year's crew if they are to retain possession of the Challenge Cup. That they will send a fine eight is certain. The London eight is also expected to be a better one than this club has turned out of late. The old Oxford oar, D. A. McLean, it was understood, would row, and it is hard luck for London that at the last moment he cannot.

The Race for the Goblets

will not be the least interesting of the meeting, for it will be the one in which the Light and Dark Blue rivalry will be the most prominent. Oxford will be represented by G. Nicholls and Lord Ampthill, who won the Challenge Oars so very easily at Oxford the other day; and Cambridge by Muttlebury and Gardner. As pair-oar rowing brings out whatever watermanship men may have, I must view the chance of the Cambridge pair with the highest favour, for, of course, Lord Ampthill has the greater part of his experience in this direction to come. W. B. Looker and F. E. Clark, by-the-way, will represent the

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Thames R.C. in this race. These men are, however, engaged in both fours and eights besides, and so may be placed at a disadvantage.

The Scene at the Regatta

will be more imposing than ever, if the weather is fine. The ever-increasing stringency of the Conservancy regulations seem to have had the effect of attracting those who appreciate law and order; and I hear that the number of applications made by owners of house-boats is so great that some fifty or more must of necessity be disappointed. In this direction, the Conservancy are able to act with discretion, for, the past history of house-boats being an open book to them, they are in a position to select those most likely to do the occasion honour. For instance, they are able to decide which are *bonâ fide* applications and which are made merely to ensure the advantageous letting of a house-boat. It may easily be understood that a house-boat, with a position at Henley assured, would command a high price for the week. Fifty and sixty pounds for a well-appointed boat is about the price; though, for another forty pounds, you might have the boat for the whole season.

Surrey v. Notts.

Of course there is wailing at Kennington Oval over the defeat of Surrey by Notts. When one looks at the Surrey team and realises what an eleven it is, a single innings defeat by the combined forces of the rest of the cricketing world seems quite out of the question. But it is just at cricket that one's calculations are most frequently upset. What would be the betting against Sussex if opposed to an All England team? and yet did Sussex defeat the Australians, which had only just previously beaten England! The comparison between Notts and Surrey is, of course, not very wide, but on previous form it is in favour of Surrey. But all the form in the world will not help a side that has the worst of the luck, and this Surrey had.

Rain fell on the Monday evening, after Notts had made 280, and on Tuesday the drying wicket was all in favour of the Notts bowlers, two of whom disposed of the whole of the Surrey side in the second innings for fifty-three runs, not including four extras. So much for the luck; but what quite as much cost Surrey the match was the missing of Gunn, once when he had made 14 and again when he had made 34. He subsequently made 118, which not only augmented the Notts score immensely, but also prevented Surrey from getting any of Monday's good wicket. I dwell on this incident because it should furnish an impressive lesson to young players of the immense importance of good fielding.

With Gunn out at 14 the Notts innings would have perhaps reached 150, and Surrey, with a good wicket for the first part of their innings, might have done quite as well. This would have given Notts their second innings on the treacherous wicket, in which case, instead of a "wonderful bowling performance" on the part of Shacklock and Richardson, we might have had a similar remark made on behalf of Lohmann, Beaumont, or Sharpe.

Of such is cricket, and the smallest chance should never be thrown away.

You never see the Graces lose the slightest opportunity.

Witness W. G.'s fielding tactics at very short-leg against Sussex, in which he caught out two such batsmen as Quaife and Major, the latter having made 103 in the first innings, in rapid succession, off the same bowler for a "duck's egg" each. None of the foregoing remarks have been written for the purpose of "boosting" Surrey, who are quite good enough to prove their own case, but to point a moral to the younger cricketing generation.

The Coming Championships.

On Saturday next, the 29th, the great athletic event of the year, the championships, take place at Stamford-bridge, London. Contemporaneous University talent will not be conspicuous. Pollock-Hill, who might have gone for anything, from the half-mile to the four miles, is training in the Keble College, Oxford, boat, for Henley, and so will not be a starter. Of Thomas and Turner, the crack quarter-milers of Oxford and Cambridge respectively, nothing is heard; and the only man who will start is the redoubtable Cross. Only to see him run there should be a large attendance, for he is undoubtedly the most remarkable all-round runner we have yet had.

Cross should win the mile and the half-mile if he is very fit, otherwise, with one or two men about who can beat 4 min. 27 sec., he will be wise to confine himself to one distance. It is a pity the A.A.A. cannot give more time to this meeting, for a man can hardly be at his absolute best at a half-mile and a mile, or at a mile and four miles, on the same day, and yet he might be good enough to win two events if they were run on separate days. Saturday and Monday would be very appropriate, as there would be a day's rest between, and, at this time of year, the second day's programme could be decided in the evening, and thus enable spectators to attend.

As Rowdon, of Teignmouth, is sure to clear well over 6 ft., he is certain for the high jump. E. H. Pelling, if he gives his earnest attention to very short sprints, will win the hundred yards; whilst no one can hope to beat H. C. L. Tindall, the ex-Cantab, over the quarter. I know of no one else who can do 49 sec., and I am sure that Tindall can do that when thoroughly fit and pushed. Whether Parry runs or not, Sidney Thomas will win the four miles, fit and well, and if necessary will put in a fast performance. The other events one cannot very well prognosticate upon, it being difficult to say who the entrants are likely to be.

Seasonable Swimming.

Cambridge University and the Otter Swimming Club inaugurated on Saturday last what it is hoped will be a series of inter-club contests. S. D. Muttlebury is as good a swimmer as he is an oarsman, and has won pretty well what he liked at Cambridge. Through him, principally, the meeting came about, and I think that everybody will agree that it was a success. Proceedings began as early as 11 a.m., with the fifty yards, which was swum in three races, one of either side in each. Cambridge won only the Otter and another, and the third was a dead heat, so honours were equal. In the next event, the quarter-mile, Cambridge had matters all to themselves and finished the first three, thus scoring six points to fifteen—the lowest they could. In the 220 yards, however, W. Blew-Jones, the hero of the 100 yards championship a few years ago, made his reappearance, and, swimming finely, won. In this race the Otters scored eight points to thirteen, and won. Thus honours remained equal. Thus have the Otters added another to their steps in advance on behalf of the art of swimming, so healthful and so useful.

BANSHEE.

CYCLE & CAMERA

AFTER a week of grey skies the American cycling tourists were fortunate enough to have a bright, beautiful Sunday for their

Ride to Ripley,

and to see the road at its very best. Twelve or thirteen of the party only were able to accept the invitation from the Ripley Road Club. They all met at Hammersmith Bridge, and rode through Richmond, Kingston, and, in fact, all along the route I sketched out two weeks ago.

THE ANCHOR, THE RIPLEY INN AT WHICH THE AMERICAN CYCLISTS WERE ENTERTAINED LAST SUNDAY.
[*From the Photograph by Mr. R. W. Thomas, Citizens' Studio, 121, Cheapside.*]

At Ripley there was one of the dinners for which the Anchor is famous. All the best-known London cyclists were there, Colonel Savile among others. After dinner came service at the little Ripley church, where the lessons were read by one of the American party, who is a clergyman. There was a good deal of scorching back to Thames Ditton, and there were one or two, fortunately not severe, accidents by the way. Then came tea at the Angel, several of the party going up to Moulsey, where the crowds at the lock made up a little for the dreariness of the river on Whit Monday, when the Americans arrived there on their way to London. After tea they all rode back to town in the cool of the evening.

Their ride from Queenstown to London should in one way at least serve as a warning to all who propose touring in their turn. The Americans, who are riding English machines, and they are in the majority, ordered them beforehand, so that they could be waiting in Queenstown for the steamer. Sixteen, I think, chose the Quadrant safety because of its luggage-carrying capacity, although they had not tried it themselves. Already I understand that all have given up this machine, changing it for others either of the same or different makers. They found it too heavy.

The warning is clear. In the first place, if you are going off on a long tour, don't at the last moment start on a machine of which you know nothing. What suits one man is not at all adapted for the wants of another. Choose your mount carefully, testing, if possible, several varieties before making the final decision. And then, when you have got it, ride it often until you are perfectly at home on it before beginning your journey. There is nothing more depressing than on the first day or two of your tour to have to worry about your machine, and, instead of enjoying the country, to be studying and testing it.

In the second place, do not ride a machine which is too heavy for you. Do not let it be but a burden to you. It is discouraging to plod along slowly, working your hardest, while you see other riders shooting ahead with apparently no effort at all. There is no particular in which the cycle has so much improved within the last two or three years as in its weight. At one time it was almost impossible to get a light roadster, and touring was too often a penance. The great weight of machines kept many people from riding, more from touring. Now, however, very light machines are made for the road, and it is your own fault if you do not select a light mount.

Light or heavy, however, do not overload it with your luggage. Here I can again refer to the American tourists as a good example—and their journey is such a practical one, that one feels one cannot do better than profit by their experience. They send all their luggage excepting the merest necessities—that is, a change of flannels, brush and comb, &c.—by express to the large towns where they expect to spend four or five days, or a still longer time. In this way their machine is not overburdened, and yet, when they get to the large towns, they need not be conspicuous, as one is, on the Continent, especially when one goes about in flannels and knee breeches.

OUR WELCOME GUESTS, THE AMERICAN CYCLISTS, ARRIVING AT RIPLEY ON SUNDAY LAST.

The perfect way, of course, is to avoid the large towns—pass round them if you can. Whatever way one may travel, luggage is a nuisance; it is doubly so on a tricycle or bicycle.

Long tours are gradually becoming more and more popular. Lately, two Australian rivals of Tom Stevens have been staying in London on their way round the world. They are travelling just in the opposite direction from his, having started from Australia and ridden to Europe by way of Asia. I am not sure whether it is worth noting, but it is certainly a curious fact that some of the best roads they have come to they found in Java of all places! They are going home—after riding through Great Britain and Ireland—viâ America. They are riding simply and solely for pleasure, and wise men they are. N. C. U.

A YOUNG LAWYER'S FEE.

WHEN the new American Minister was a young lawyer his only fault was that he did not know his own value. According to the *Washington Post*, Judge Logan, under whom he read law, told him not to be afraid to charge big fees for his services. "People don't respect a cheap lawyer," said the Judge. One day, soon after Mr. Lincoln had been admitted to practice, he sat alone in his office, when a messenger brought a note from the Chicago agent of one of the wealthiest insurance companies in America, asking to have the title to a certain piece of property looked up. The young lawyer spent about half an hour looking into the title, and then sent his report to the insurance office. Pretty soon the messenger came with another note. This one requested Mr. Lincoln to send his bill by the bearer. He figured it that, since he had worked only half an hour, 10 dols. would be a good stiff price, for it would be at the rate of 200 dols. for a day of ten hours.

The words of Judge Logan, however, rang in his ears, and Mr. Lincoln finally made the bill for 25 dols. But before he dispatched his little bill Judge Logan opportunely made his appearance. "You are just the man I want to see," said Mr. Lincoln; and he told him of his dilemma. Judge Logan took the bill and tore it up. "I knew it was outrageously high," said Mr. Lincoln; "but, Judge, you always told me to make big bills, and I did this more to please you than myself." "Nonsense," said the Judge, "give me a pen." He sat down, wrote another bill, and gave it to the boy. In a few minutes the boy returned with the insurance agent's check for 250 dols., and a little note to Mr. Lincoln thanking him for his promptness, and saying the company's other work of this character would be sent to him. "Great Scott!" said the young lawyer to the old one, "did you make out a bill for 250 dols.?" "Of course I did," answered the old Judge; "you don't want to be a d——d eleemosynary institution for insurance companies, do you?"

The Metropolitan Public Gardens Association has been busy of late. It has handed over as a gift to the London County Council the park called Myatt's Fields, which it has recently laid out in Camberwell. It has induced the same body to grant more space for football on Hampstead Heath, and is urging it to attend to the preservation of the Poor's Land, Bethnal-green, and the Fulham Common Fields.

TO STUDENTS.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend CADBURY'S COCOA; its comforting, exhilarating, and sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

OUR VOLUNTEER CYCLISTS ON THE "WAR PATH."

CYCLES IN VOLUNTEERING.

BY "EYES FRONT."

When it is considered that the cycle, in one form or another, has been a familiar object in England for now over twenty years, it is a little remarkable that it is only within the last two or three years that its use for military purposes has been proposed.

A good deal has been made adversely of the circumstance that the experimental Cycle Corps formed amongst the Regulars at Aldershott last year has not been continued; and those who saw the corps at work must certainly acknowledge that, granted a good deal of useful work, there were also a good few breakdowns. But these were mostly in connection with the big machine for carrying a number of men. It is to be regretted that single machines have not been sufficiently tried, especially with the field columns. It is to be supposed that, at the best, horse scouts must always be preferred to cycle scouts; but the fact remains that in any military system we must use the material we have, and amongst ordinary Volunteers are many thousand cycle-owners and very few horsemen.

A hundred years ago we had about London a large number of Volunteer light horsemen—one corps five hundred strong—and now we have none; but, in those days, city men kept their nags and rode to business from the outskirts, while now they all have their season tickets, and the horses have gone. The riding men we have now either belong to the Yeomanry, or would join it at the chance of a war; and though many Volunteer corps have their sections of mounted Infantry, they are not very great in numbers yet, and, if they ever become great, will probably be taken from their corps and formed into special regiments on the Army principle.

So, in a way, Infantry corps, which certainly require some men who can move more quickly than their fellows, are thrown back upon the cycle, and it is good to know that there are now very few corps which do not include a section of cycle scouts, competent to act as the eyes and ears of the infantry column, as did the Uhlans in France.

Sometimes too much is claimed for the cyclists; but no one could have seen them on manœuvres and not perceive that there is great military value in them. Further development there must be, and the most enthusiastic wheelmen know this, and also that they as Volunteers must do the work. The War Office never will; they will leave cycling to the junior military service, as they did the use of the machine-guns, the home-training of mounted infantry, the development of the ambulance, even musketry training—and adopt the ideas when perfected. An exception should be made with regard to Colonel Savile, whose services in the promotion of Cycle Corps are worthy the warmest praise.

Apropos of the Terrible Railway Accident the medical journal, the *Lancet*, has raised a protest against school treats, which, it declares, in our variable climate, are of doubtful benefit from a health point of view. It especially deprecates romping games at the end of the day, before the children return home by road or rail. They are then apt to become overheated, and to suffer from the exposure and chill But poor children need *some* change.

THE ARMAGH DISASTER AND ITS LESSON.

In the name of the hosts of victims of the appalling disaster near Armagh, we appeal to the Government to insist that every railway company in the kingdom shall forthwith adopt automatic brakes and observe every precaution possible on our iron roads. The President of the Board of Trade should act promptly, and with a strong hand in this matter. Throughout the land, from the Queen at Balmoral to the humblest of her subjects, has run a thrill of sympathy with the Irish homes thrown into mourning by one of the most terrible catastrophes in the history of railways. It is incumbent on Sir Michael Hicks Beach to pay heed to the current of public opinion, and to do all in his power to prevent a recurrence of the Armagh calamity.

The Illustrations we present will enable our readers to realise the horrors of the collision, which will make June 12 so sadly memorable in Armagh. The deplorable accident occurred to an excursion-train on the Great Northern of Ireland line, within about two miles of the Armagh Station. The excursion was that of Dr. Lynn's Methodist Sunday School to Warren Point, a pretty watering-place on the shores of Carlingford Lough. Dr. Lynn is one of the most prominent of the Methodist body in Ireland, and his Sunday school is attended by many children belonging to other denominations; and the annual excursion—for which cheap fares are issued to all the friends and relatives of the scholars—is a very popular event in Armagh, and brings together an immense number of people every year.

About a thousand little ones marched through the streets of the old cathedral city in the morning to the railway station, with bands playing

THE LAMENTABLE RAILWAY COLLISION NEAR ARMAGH.

and banners flying, and accompanied by their teachers and a large concourse of grown-up friends. The train started with a heavy freight shortly after ten o'clock. About two miles outside the town there is a long and steep embankment, and when this was reached it was found that the locomotive was not sufficiently powerful to draw up the long row of heavily-laden carriages.

According to one report, it was decided to unhook the last seven carriages and leave them standing on the line, propped in position by stones, while the engine proceeded with the first portion of the train to the next station, and returned to take up the carriages thus left behind. The locomotive, it was alleged, in starting off with the first carriages jerked those in the rear, knocked away the stones, and the seven carriages, with their living freight of young children, dashed backwards madly down the incline for about two miles, and crashed into an outgoing train. Some of the carriages were smashed to atoms, and their occupants killed on the spot. The officials at Armagh Station, knowing nothing of the delay, had sent on an ordinary train at thirty-five minutes to ten, with which the ill-fated excursion-train collided. The engine-driver and stoker of the Newry train, observing the approaching carriages, slackened speed, but had not time to stop their train or back it. The carriages collided with a fearful crash, the last carriage being completely telescoped by the engine. The stoker, it appears, jumped off the engine, but the driver stood still, and escaped unhurt. No one was killed or seriously hurt in the train proceeding to Newry, though many of the passengers received bruises. The majority of deaths in the excursion-train were confined to the last carriage, which contained about one hundred people. A few deaths occurred in the second carriage, in which there were several persons badly injured.

The scene was terrible. Above all the sounds of dire confusion arose the moans of those in whom life still remained. The wails of the bereaved people, already conscious of their affliction, were painful to hear; the cries of the poor little ones still confined in the wrecked or unwrecked carriages were pathetically pitiful. "The screams of the injured children," says another gentleman, "were heartrending, and the moans of the dying something awful."

In the little city of Armagh, dead bodies—which bore ghastly evidences of the accident—to the number of nearly thirty, were before five o'clock laid for identification. Over a hundred were known to have been injured, some of them beyond hope of recovery. By midnight seventy-two bodies had been recovered. The mournful death-roll was soon increased to seventy-six. The majority of the killed were young men and women of about twenty years of age, and some older persons. Among the dead were recognised Mr. Samuel M. Steel, Armagh Petty Sessions clerk, and his three children, a boy and two girls. Mr. Steel's wife, who accompanied the excursion, escaped unhurt. A son and daughter of Mr. Edwards, J.P., were also killed. The reason why so few children, as compared with the men and women, were injured was that the children were in the front part of the train. Among the killed were also Master M'Mullen (son of the Rev. Mr. M'Mullen, Methodist minister); Maria Anne and Minnie Rountree, Grange, dressmakers; Henry Jenkinson, 72, warder, Dobbin-street; Mary Jenkinson, 36 (wife of above); James Cleland, 50, Railway-street, grocer, and his wife and three sons; Minnie Edwards, 7, David Edwards, 8 (children of George A. Edwards, J.P., Railway-street); William R. Mitchell, 35, Scotch-street, hair-dresser, his wife, and son; Wilhelmina Reilly, 16, Abbey-street, stationer's assistant; Isabella M'Farland, 22, Barrack-hill, and Bertha M'Farland, 20 (sister of the above), dressmakers; Eliza Sloane, 14, Barrack-hill; Matilda Robinson, 50, dressmaker; and Mary Jane Quin, 18, Barrack-street, dressmaker.

Bright Incidents of the Disaster.

An incident is related to the credit of Sergeant Woodward, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, a fine powerful fellow, who, when he saw that a collision was imminent, got upon the footboard of the carriage in which he had previously been seated and dropped four children to the side of the railway, where they were afterwards picked up uninjured. He then jumped off just in time to save himself. He afterwards took part in the work of extricating the dead and wounded. Head-Constable Scanlan and his active men were also commendably quick in proceeding to release the sufferers. Everybody, in fine, who had an opportunity of judging says that a great deal of quiet heroism was displayed. Adult passengers, whose superior strength might have enabled them to scramble through the windows of the locked carriages, in many cases refused to take this course; but, instead, busied themselves while the vehicles ran down hill in helping girls and little boys out of danger's way. A little boy tells of his miraculous escape. In the midst of

the hubbub that prevailed in the compartment, some kindly hand lifted him through the open window. He fell lightly upon the soft grass, and rolled down the embankment, greatly scared but little hurt. Endless are the narrow escapes talked about, and the eulogiums paid to the medical men and others who helped in the rescue. It is likewise declared on authority which cannot very well be impeached that some persons put in an appearance, not to aid, but to plunder the passengers.

The Queen's Sympathy.

Her Majesty no sooner heard of the disaster than she directed her private secretary to send the following message from Balmoral to the Mayor of Armagh: "The Queen is greatly distressed to hear of this appalling disaster, and commands me to convey her deep sympathy with the sufferers and the bereaved relatives. Her Majesty trusts the injured are doing as well as possible."

Conflicting Statements of the Engine-Driver and the Station-Master.

Three inquiries into the causes and circumstances of the railway tragedy were commenced at Armagh on Saturday last, by the Board of Trade, the Magistrates, and the Coroner, Mr. T. G. Peel.

The first was conducted by Major-General Hutchinson. Henry Parkinson, fireman of the excursion-train, said M'Grath, the engine-driver (now in custody) told the station-master that his instructions from Mr. Cowan, manager, were to take thirteen carriages, and the station-master said there were three or four more, and he wanted the driver to take them. Thirteen, he added, would not carry all the people. M'Grath said that if they were put on he should want an additional engine to give him help over the road. Something was said by the station-master about getting Murphy (another engine-driver) to assist him with his engine. The train started with thirteen carriages and two vans, which contained passengers.

Major-General Hutchinson: Did McGrath consent to take the fifteen carriages?—No. But he went away with them?—He did.—Witness further stated the steam was kept up, and he attributed the stoppage to the hill, on which there was a curve, and to the heavy load of passengers.

John Foster, station-master, said the order at first for the excursion was for about 800 passengers, and this was increased to 940.—Major-General Hutchinson: Did you consider it wise to send these fifteen vehicles with but one engine?—From my knowledge of the traffic I consider the engine (No. 86) was well able to take them.—Did the driver of the train complain to you before starting, or have any conversation with you?—Not before he started, but when I was going to give him some more carriages, he said that if I put on more than fifteen he would not take them. There were two carriages more that I desired to put on.—You were going to make it a train with seventeen carriages?—Yes; but I told the shunter not to give him the two more.—It is distinctly stated that he told you he was not entitled to take more than thirteen.—All he said was, "I am good for thirteen—I have fifteen, and I will take no more."—Did Elliott take any part in connection with the starting of the train?—I told him I had given some more tickets to the excursion party, and he asked me could I give him some more carriages. I said I could, but that the driver would not take any more. I said that it would be better that they should be assisted over the bank with another engine.—And why was he not assisted in that way?—I gave the order to the shunter to have Murphy ready to assist him over the bank. Murphy was ready, but about three minutes before the train started Elliott came to me and said that he had consulted with the driver, who told him that he would not need any assistance.—Would Murphy have been able to do that in time to get back to his own train?—Oh, yes.—The inquiry was then adjourned.

The magisterial investigation was opened by Mr. Townsend, D.M. At the same time the inquest on the bodies was resumed by Mr. Peel, coroner. The inconvenience of having two concurrent inquiries was recognised by Mr. Townsend, who, after hearing some important evidence, adjourned his court until Friday. On Monday, Major-General Hutchinson himself remarked that had the automatic brake been in use the catastrophe would have been prevented.

We are glad to learn that the Mayor of Armagh is in receipt of abundant subscriptions from the benevolent to relieve the families who have lost their bread-winners through this sad calamity.

A Strange Suicide.—In the Austrian Museum, at Vienna, on Friday week, the servants searched the rooms after locking the doors as usual at four o'clock, and in the great Ceramic Hall they found a man concealed. On being seized by one of the servants he fired a revolver. The attendant, fearing for his life, went for assistance, but before he returned the stranger had committed suicide. He was dressed like a gentleman, in black. Absolutely nothing was found on his person that might give any clue to his identity, except two keys. The place where he concealed himself is close to the room containing a quantity of valuable old jewellery lent to the museum by Count Zichy and Baron Rothschild, and some very beautiful objects from the Guelph Treasure, the property of the Duke of Cumberland.

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What Hudson's
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD: PARIS.—[LETTER IV.]

(From our own Correspondent.)

Two Days in Paris.

Visitors to Paris not only want to see the Exhibition, but the city itself. Paris is always an exhibition in itself, and was never brighter or more fascinating than at present. The great question is, how many days should the visitor give to the Exhibition and how many to Paris? But to give any advice on this subject we should want to know how many days the visitor has at his disposal. Perhaps the best way would be for him to divide his time between Paris and the Exhibition.

To the Londoner, accustomed to the dull, dingy, smoky Metropolis, with its irregular streets and dusky houses, a peep of Paris is like a streak of sunshine through a dark cloud. Here is a city—not a congregation of vestries and villages. The streets are wide and straight, with rows of trees on each side and spacious pavements. The houses are clean and bright, and everything bears

A Youthful and Joyful Air.

People do not rush home when their work is done. They live out of doors, and you see them eating and drinking in two interminable rows on the pavement. Everything is not made subservient here to rigid utility and the ground landlord. This is a city where architectural display and artistic adornment lighten the dull round of daily existence, and pleasure and entertainment is adapted to rich and poor. The intelligent visitor will, of course, always discriminate between pleasure and excess. There is little danger of a stranger losing himself in Paris, provided he has

A Good Map.

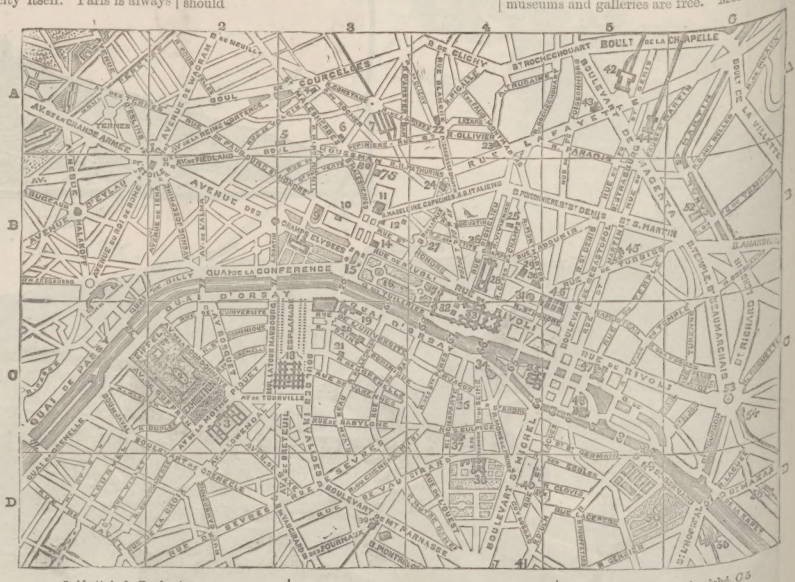
The arrangement of the city is simplicity itself. The central part, which formed old Paris, and contains most of what is of historical interest, is marked off by the line of the great boulevards—the Boulevards des Italiens, Montmartre, &c.—on the north, round by the Bastille; and Boulevard St. Germain on the south. "Boulevard" means rampart or fortification, and this circle shows the dimensions of the wall that surrounded old Paris. As the city expanded, the wall was built further out, and where it stood there is another circle of boulevards, round by the Boulevards de Clichy and des Batignolles on the north, and Boulevard Montparnasse on the south. Another line of boulevard runs alongside

The Present Ramparts

which surround Paris. As some people may imagine that the big walls called the fortifications are for protecting the city from the enemy, it may be explained that they have little or no military significance. The forts which protect Paris are several miles distant. The purpose served by the walls is to protect Paris from the inroads, not of the Germans, but of human food, and all kinds of produce and manufactures. No one can enter but by the gates, and a duty is charged on everything that enters Paris. If you were passing through with a cabbage or a bottle of wine under your arm, a Customs officer would stop you and make you pay a duty. This indirect tax exists in all French towns, and is the main source of revenue. It is also a great source of discontent, and is very harassing to commerce.

The Centre of Paris

is the Place de l'Opéra. To the right and left of it stretch the main boulevards, which should be first visited. They are representative of cosmopolitan Paris. People of all nationalities are sitting at the cafés or strolling along the asphalte. But the rows of coloured kiosques, the great shops, and gilded restaurants and cafés impress the visitor at first more than the march past of cosmopolitanism. A whole day might be pleasantly spent in wandering along the boulevards, the gardens of the Tuileries, and the Champs Elysées, surveying Paris from the outside, as it were, without entering any of its museums or palaces. You could keep the programme up during the evening by attending some of the *al fresco* concerts among the trees in the Champs Elysées. Riding round on a tramcar or an omnibus is another way of surveying Paris from the outside. All this takes time, however, and as the visitor has, let us say, only two days to give to Paris, he wants to utilise it so as to get a general view of the town and the leading sights. Having taken a glance round the boulevards he should



HANDY MAP OF PARIS.

(From T. Cook and Son's "Englishman's French Interpreter and Paris Guide.")

5 Abattoir du Roule, A 3
26 Bibliothèque Nationale, B 4
25 Bourse, B 4
2 The Paris Exhibition, C 2
45 Conservatoire des Arts, B 5
52 Docks Napoléon, B 6
52 La Douane, B 6
3 Ecole Militaire, C 2
8 Churches—Chapelle Expiatoire, B 3
11 La Madeleine, B 3
48 Notre Dame, C 5
23 N. Dame de Lorette, A 4
40 Le Panthéon, D 4
6 St. Augustin, A 3
21 St. Clotilde, C 3
30 St. Eustache, B 4
56 St. Germain des Prés, C 4
37 St. Sulpice, C 4
43 St. Vincent de Paul, A 5
22 La Trinité, A 4
41 Val de Grâce, D 4
10 English Embassy, B 3
31 Halle au Blé, B 4
49 aux Vins, D 5
46 Centrales, B 5
10 Hôtel Borghese, B 3
18 des Invalides, C 3
47 de Ville, C 5
50 Jardin des Plantes, D 5
16 des Tuileries, B 3
24 L'Opera, B 4
14 Ministère de la Marine, B 3
20 Musée de l'Artillerie, C 3
19 Palais du Corps Législatif, C 3
9 de l'Elysée, B 3
13 de l'Industrie, 1855, B 3
34 de l'Institut, C 4
35 de Justice, C 4
33 du Louvre, C 4
38 du Luxembourg, D 4
28 du Trocadéro, B 1, C 1
17 des Tuileries, B 4
1 Parc de Monceaux, A 2
53 Place de la Bastille, C 6
32 du Carousel, C 4
24 de l'Opéra, B 4
15 de la Concorde, B 3
51 Royale, C 6
27 Vendôme, B 4
73 Pont de l'Alma, B 2
61 Pont de l'Archevêché, C 5
57 d'Austerlitz, D 6
66 des Arts, C 4
67 du Carousel, C 4
70 de la Concorde, B 3
59 de Constantine, C 5
62 Double, C 5
74 de Grenelle, C 1
71 des Invalides, B 2
73 d'Jena, C 1
65 Neuf, C 4
63 Petit, C 5
68 Royal, C 4
64 St. Michel, C 4
69 Solferino, C 3
60 de la Tournelle, C 5
29 Post Office, B 4
55 Railways—de Lyon, D 6
42 du Nord, A 6
58 d'Orléans, D 6
7 l'Ouest (rive Droite), A 3
(rive Gauche), D 3
39
44 de l'Est, A 6
54 Vincennes, C 6

The number given first is that by which the place is noted on the Map; the letter and second number denote the square in which it will be found.

Start from the Opera,

then go by the Rue de la Paix to the Place Vendôme and see the column which Napoleon erected out of captured guns and which the Communists pulled down in 1871. Next, look in at the Madeleine, and passing by Boulevard Malesherbes take the tramway or 'bus or walk to

The Arc de Triomphe,

which carries its history on its walls. A magnificent view of this quarter of Paris is obtained from the top. Then proceed by the Champs Elysées, and if you do not hang about take a peep at the Salon, which is in the Palais des Industries. It costs a franc, except on Sundays, when it is free, and on Fridays, when the charge is five francs. Continuing, you come to the

Place de la Concorde,

the finest site in Europe. During the Revolution it was here that the guillotine was set up and where wholesale execution was carried on. Walk through the garden of the Tuileries towards the Louvre, and admire the building from the outside. As

The Palais Royal

is near by, go there now for lunch. You can get a good déjeûner for 1s. 6d. or 2s. You will see the prices and the bills of fare posted outside the restaurant. After lunch return to

The Louvre,

and take a hurried walk through the principal galleries. Cross the Seine and look at the Palais de Justice (the law courts). The Sainte Chapelle, adjoining Notre Dame, will be easily found close by; and under the shadow of the venerable cathedral stands that lugubrious establishment the Morgue, where there are always some dead bodies on exhibition, and, what is more surprising, always a curious crowd to look at them. Cross the river and wonder at the magnificence of the

Hotel de Ville,

or Townhall, and wonder also when London is going to have the like of it. Pass by the Halles Centrales—the Covent-Garden of Paris—the Church of Saint Eustache, the Bourse, and the Boulevards again, where you can

Dine at a Duval Restaurant.

Next day follow this route:—Rue de Rivoli, the great place where English people go shopping; the Pont de la Concorde, the Chamber of Deputies (outside), the Invalides (inside), Luxembourg Palace (outside), Picture Gallery, and Gardens. Dine at some of the numerous and moderate restaurants near by. Afternoon—Panthéon,

POPULAR PARIS ARTISTES: NO. 2. MDME. SIMON-GIRARD AS STELLA, IN "LA FILLE DU TAMBOUR MAJOR," AT THE GAITÉ.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Wedding-dress of the Duchess of Portland.

The marriage of the Duke of Portland to Miss Dallas-Yorke was the most interesting event of the season. The dress worn by the bride was very beautiful, and extremely elegant and simple. My illustration is taken from the *Lady's Pictorial*, and I have the pleasure of giving, also from the same paper, sketches of two of the smartest of the outdoor costumes in her Grace's trousseau. The wedding-dress was made of the richest duchesse satin in ivory white. The train was very long, rounded at the corners, and quite untrimmed. The front of the petticoat was trimmed with [illegible] of pearls, but the ornamentation was [illegible] heavy or elaborate.

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND'S WEDDING-DRESS.

[illegible] scarves of old point d'Alençon [illegible] were artistically [illegible] delicate embroidery in tiny [illegible] completed the trimming, and subdued [illegible] of the satin. The neck was finished [illegible] rather high-standing collar, and the back [illegible] always the uncovering part of these high collars was also covered with seed pearls.

In connection with the wedding gown of the [illegible] Duchess a very interesting fact is related. [illegible] out and made by

A Country Dressmaker,

[illegible] as maid, or, rather, as nurse, to Miss [Dall]as-Yorke; and a promise was made to her by her young mistress that the making of her wedding gown, should she ever marry, should be intrusted to the capable hands which turned out so many of the pretty frocks worn by the future mistress of Welbeck Abbey when she was a child and young girl in her own old home. The fulfilment of this promise, so much prized by her to whom it was made, reflects great credit upon the charming bride.

I must not forget to mention that the bridal veil was made of white tulle, and that the pearl necklace, which gave the finishing touch to this very lovely costume, was formerly the property of Queen Mary, wife of King William III. The bouquet was a mass of white orchids, orange blossom, gardenias and white lilies, arranged in green foliage, and tied with streamers of white-corded ribbon.

A WALKING-DRESS OF THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

Every-Day Dresses of the Duchess.

The first of the smart and becoming costumes shown in our Sketches is of green cloth, and very becoming to the Duchess, who is noted for her lovely complexion. The bodice fastens with one button only, and shows beneath a pretty waistcoat of striped pique. But several fancy waistcoats were supplied for wearing with this jacket. The skirt, as will be seen in the Sketch, is very plainly draped in front, and hangs in long pleats from the back.

The second Sketch shows a graceful riding or driving jacket, made of West of England cloth, very fine and beautiful in quality. It can be closed at will, or thrown back to show a smart vest beneath. The collar is of velvet, but made to show a little of the cloth at the edge. With this costume a hat of the shape known as "billy-cock" is worn; with the other, one of those nondescript shapes dented and twisted all round the brim, and filled in with flowers on the top.

One of the ball dresses made for the bride is very lovely; it is of satin, the colour of the lily-of-the-valley leaf, with an Empire front, embroidered in pearls and gold. The majority of the tailor-made gowns and jackets were supplied by Messrs. H. J. Nicoll and Co., of Regent-street.

Employment for Women.

I am afraid I may take for granted that all the inhabitants of the "world of women" are not what is called "Well-to-do." I wish they were with all my heart; for, although work is honourable, and women may be proud of being able to work, it never seems right to me that they should be driven out to earn their bread. However, there are so many of them, they cannot help themselves, and I do not think it will be a bad plan if, from time to time, I were to mention some of the fields in London wherein women can find remunerative employment. It does not seem to be by any means generally known that several great firms in London employ

Female Clerks.

For instance, the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52, Oxford-street, entrusts very important duties to the thirty women employed in their establishment. The whole of the work of book-keeping and cashiering is done by them; several of them are accomplished linguists, and carry on the large foreign correspondence of the firm. Others draw up the reports of the company's meetings, and all of them are required to write shorthand quickly and well. They have also had to pass either the "Cambridge Local," or have received certificates from the College of Preceptors. The salaries paid increase according to merit. At first the small sum of £26 or £30 only per annum is given; for it is a well-known fact that women are rarely, if ever, paid on the same scale, even for skilled labour, as men. This does not seem quite fair; but, as long as women are found willing to accept £100 per annum for work which a man would not be offered less than £300 or £400, she will, of course, be taken on her own valuation.

A great many women are also employed by Romeike and Curtice for the cutting out and posting of press notices, &c.; by Messrs. Baring Brothers and the great house of Rothschild and Sons for the cutting off and sorting of coupons; and by the publishers of the great "Post-Office Directory," in the compilation of that useful and ponderous volume known as the Red Book. If any of my readers are so situated that work is a necessity, not a pastime, let me recommend to their notice the "Society for Promoting the Employment of Women," 22, Berners-street; secretary, Miss King. Those of you who are not obliged to work can forward the excellent object of the society by becoming annual subscribers.

I suppose a great many of you have not only husbands but

Children.

How do you amuse them on wet afternoons, for instance, when they cannot go out? Do you not find that they get bored and cross? Oh, you think a child has no business to be bored: *that* luxury is one of "mamma's" pet privileges. Now, it is just the other way—*you* have no business to be bored; but the children, not having your resources, may very easily find themselves at what is commonly called a "loose end." If you want to make them happy—and of course you do if you are a good mother—don't interfere with their little hobbies; and, up to a certain point—always let the little men and women know that there is a limit they cannot pass—put aside your own comfort for their sakes.

As regards their "hobbies," unless you allow the little ones some freedom of choice, how are you to find out what special talent they may be endowed with? If little Tom would rather draw, or scrawl, what it pleases him to call a likeness of his father upon the back of an old letter, give him as much paper and as many pencils as he wants, and do not insist upon his helping the engineer of the future, in the person of his small brother, to make a train. The little boys will be miserable if either is forced to give up his pet pursuit.

If you make a practice of snubbing the tastes of your children; if you take no interest in the decided bent of one towards natural history, and of another for botany, or astronomy, you will, believe me, be acting very foolishly. Do not condemn their poor little specimens as "Rubbish," and order them to be thrown away; and do not scold that bright-eyed, eager little fellow who wants to know "all about the stars." Never forget that everything that makes his home happy and sympathetic to a child will most undoubtedly have a great effect upon his future life; and that your own selfish ease and comfort ought not to stand for one moment in the way of the happiness and well-being of the children. You brought them into the world, and to neglect, or make them miserable, is to commit an unpardonable sin.

Are you not often rather puzzled how To Decorate your Grates?

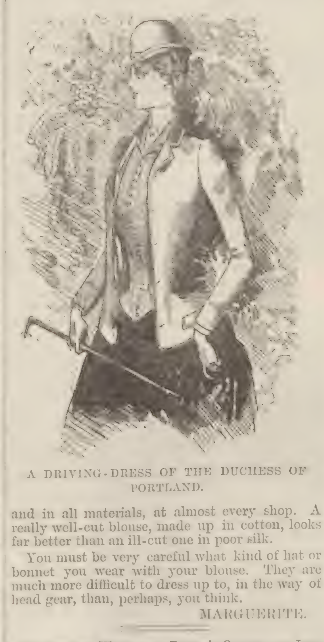
Our summers in England are never very long, and are very often cold and damp. What then can be more miserable than the fireless grate with a hideous little screen or Japanese umbrella stuck up in front it. A fire laid, and reading for lighting, is only a degree less ugly. I like, myself, to be able to light a fire at any moment, so I am all for having it laid, and then hidden away behind some really pretty arrangement of plants or flowers. The wicker screens, with little shelves for pots, are very pretty and inexpensive. So, also, is a sort of easel made of bamboo; the sticks are partly hollowed out, so as to hold a little water, and flowers are arranged in them. But there is so very little water that the blossoms fade quickly.

One of the newest things out just now is a three-legged gipsy-pot of enamelled iron, filled with flowering plants and moss; the plants, of course, have to be renewed from time to time. The pot is hung by brass chains from the underside of the mantelboard. The worst of the gipsy-pot arrangement is, that it does not entirely hide the grate; and, for that reason, many ladies prefer the pretty little screens draped with pongée silk, to harmonise with the furniture and decorations of the room.

Cool Summer Dresses.

Of washing fabrics there is an endless variety this summer, but there does not seem to be a run upon a particular colour. You remember a few summers ago every woman had a pink frock. There are the "broché zephyrs," the bordered ditto, and the silk finish washing sateens. There are also "bordered cambrics" which are very smart. The border is stamped on the material, generally in white or a darker shade of the ground. These pretty stuffs are not at all expensive.

As I think I may have said before, washing dresses in London are an expensive addition to a lady's wardrobe. There is, however, an irresistible desire in hot weather to put on something that looks cool. A very successful compromise can be made by wearing a black silk skirt and one of the very pretty shirts or blouses now so much in vogue. They can be had at all prices,



A DRIVING-DRESS OF THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

and in all materials, at almost every shop. A really well-cut blouse, made up in cotton, looks far better than an ill-cut one in poor silk.

You must be very careful what kind of hat or bonnet you wear with your blouse. They are much more difficult to dress up to, in the way of head gear, than, perhaps, you think.

MARGUERITE.

To Overcome Weakness.—Pepper's Quinine and Iron Tonic gives new life, health, strength, and energy. In 2s. 6d. Bottles. Everywhere. Insist on having Pepper's.—[Advt.]

Fits.—Epilepsy or Falling Sickness.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, discard prejudice, and write to Mr. Williams, 10, Oxford-terrace, Hyde Park, London. He will send you gratis full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[Advt.]

PLYMOUTH SOUND AND BREAKWATER, LOOKING SEAWARD.

CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

PLYMOUTH.

PLYMOUTH is an ancient town; but

Plymouth Sound,

that glorious meeting-place of the waters of the Tamar and the Plym—which ardent Devonians challenge against the bay of Naples—is a far older port. On its shores stood one of the long-vanished towns of Keltic Britain; its waters were familiar to the galley of the Roman and the marauding craft of the Norseman; and yet when the Conqueror divided Devon among his followers, Sutton, the parent of the modern Plymouth, was hardly a hamlet. Two centuries later, even, it was merely a fishing-village—an appanage of the great Augustinian Priory of Plympton hard by. Then, for a while, it advanced by leaps and bounds. Edward the Black Prince favoured it, and made it the centre of his operations against France; and in its waters assembled

The Greatest Fleets

that England then knew. And so it came about that towards the close of the fourteenth century the quondam fishing-village had become in point of population the fourth town in the kingdom.

But dark days were at hand. Plymouth had become too obnoxious to our neighbours across the Channel. Her land defences were poor, and when her seamen were away, she was a comparatively easy prey. So again and again

The French Watched their Chance,

and pounced upon her, in one of their descents at the beginning of the fifteenth century, burning 600 houses.

It was many a long year ere the losses thus sustained were repaired; but commerce at length grew, and with commerce adventure; and under Henry VIII. the germs began to develop themselves of the skilful seamanship and daring enterprise which made

Devon the Foremost County in England,

in "the spacious days of great Elizabeth," and Plymouth its leading port, whether for discovery or for fight. Whether bound for the Spanish Main, to the wild North America, or to the unknown Southern Seas, it was Plymouth that the great seamen of those days made their head-quarters—from Plymouth that men like Drake and Hawkins, and Raleigh and Gilbert and Candish, and their fellows sailed; and it was Plymouth seamen who carried the English flag to the remotest parts of the world. At Plymouth, too, the fleet was collected that tamed the pride of Spain; and the first brush with the Armada might have been watched from

Plymouth's Historic Hoe,

which now bears a noble statue of Drake, and a rising memorial to the great band of Armada heroes, the tercentenary of whose valour was celebrated in 1888.

And thus through the centuries the links which bind Plymouth to the vital history of the nation can be traced. It was from Plymouth in 1620 that the Pilgrim Fathers finally set sail for a newer England. It was the stout stand that Roundhead Plymouth made during a three years' siege against Charles and his Cavaliers that saved the Parliamentary cause in the West, and, in conjunction with Hull, in the country. And when

William of Orange

came over, the Corporation of Plymouth were the

PLYMOUTH BREAKWATER LIGHTHOUSE.

STATUE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE ON PLYMOUTH HOE.

first Municipality to proclaim him, and Plymouth citadel was the first fortress put into his hands.

For the last century and a half the record of Plymouth and its sister towns has been one of general development. They have become, on the one hand, a great commercial port; on the other, a famous naval and military arsenal. Under William III.,

The Dockyard,

at what was then called Plymouth Dock, was founded, which has resulted in the lining of the east bank of the estuary of the Tamar—the Hamoaze—with docks and basins, shipbuilding sheds and factories, a gun-wharf, steam-yard, magazine, engineers' college, and powder works; and in the creation of the town of Devonport, with its 50,000 inhabitants. Between Plymouth and Devonport the development of public works has turned the village into the town of Stonehouse, with its Victualling Yard, its Naval Hospital, and its Marine Barracks; while the harbour is protected against sea and storm by the construction of the great Breakwater, and the whole port by forts and batteries reared upon every point of vantage—sightly and strong.

The manner in which the natural seaside facilities of

Devonport and Stonehouse

have been all but monopolised by the arsenal, have concentrated the general commerce of the triple community (the common local name is the "Three Towns") at Plymouth. Here is the ancient tidal harbour of Sutton Pool with its coasting and fishing trade, from whose quays upwards of £100,000 worth of fish are sent to inland towns annually. Here is the Cattewater, the lower estuary of the Plym, its shores dotted with wharves, yards, and factories, and rapidly developing in its manufacturing characteristics. Here, too, are

The Great Western Docks,

the handiwork of the famous Brunel, where a vast oversea traffic is conducted in the largest class of merchant-vessels; and where are the head-quarters of the lines of mail and passenger steamers which put the port in regular communication with every quarter of the globe; which place it in the front rank for speedy communication.

In the great French war the commerce of Plymouth almost wholly disappeared. Its [illegible] were pressed into men-of-war; its merchants went a-privateering. When peace came there came also desolation. It says much for the capabilities of the port and for the energies of its inhabitants that a joint population of the Three Towns of less than 50,000 some threescore years since has wellnigh quintupled; and that the old

ROYAL VICTUALLING OFFICE, STONEHOUSE.

unsavoury Plymouth of our grandfathers, with its steep and narrow streets clustering round and climbing the slopes above the ancient harbour, has become the

Chief Centre of Population

in the West of England, with no rival nearer than Bristol, with wide well-built thoroughfares, handsome public buildings—chief the Guildhall, opened by the Prince of Wales, the Lord High Steward of the borough—widely extended commercial facilities, and lovely suburbs.

As Mr. Gladstone began his western [illegible] the fairest town in Devon—villa-clustered Torquay—so he ended it at the biggest and busiest; at the spot where historic memories cluster thickest, and the pulse of modern life beats the strongest; where Nature has been most lavish of her charms and man [illegible] abundant in his labours; and where, [illegible] the present political record is on the other [illegible] he was received with an enthusiasm not [illegible] surpassed.

R. N. WORTH.

PLYMOUTH: GEORGE-STREET.

GARDENING IN SEASON

Flower Garden.

Most of the bedding-out plants will, by this time, have become nicely established, and begin to afford a very bright appearance. The quiet, steady rain of White Monday, though interf-ring sadly with the enjoyment of thousands of holiday-makers, effected an incalculable amount of good in all departments of the garden, and will enable the watering-pot to be dispensed with for the present at any rate. In order to make the most of the moisture now contained in the soil, the surface should be frequently stirred between the plants; this not only affording a neat appearance, and admitting air to the roots, but, strange as it may appear, to a great extent checking evaporation as well, this being always more rapid from a caked or hard surface. For all work of this kind, the hoe is vastly superior to the rake; as a rule this dangerous tool should be kept under lock and key, and seldom used except in the preparation of seed-beds.

A surfacing of

Cocoa-nut Fibre Refuse

sets off bedding plants of most kinds very nicely, especially where they are not set very closely together, and is much admired by some. The present is a capital time to apply this; it should be spread over the soil to the depth of about two inches. Besides producing a very neat and clean appearance, it keeps the roots cool and moist in hot weather, and prevents the plants being splashed by rain; it should, however, be used in as fresh a state as possible, be kept constantly moist, and by no means allowed to mix with the soil.

Carpet Bedding,

in which, with the exception of lobelia and the dwarf tagetes, only plants with coloured leaves are employed, when well done, is extremely bright and effective, and though monotonous when overdone, a good bed or two in this style forms an attractive feature in any garden. For the groundwork the sedums are largely employed; the best for the purpose being S. acre, S. acre aureum, S. corsicum, S. glaucum, and S. lydium. The bright-leaved golden feather pyrethrum is used for lining out or, in some cases, for filling-in; while blue is afforded by a dwarf variety of lobelia, orange or deep yellow, scarlet and crimson by the different varieties of the brilliant-hued alternantheras, and deep crimson by the iresines. Other subjects occasionally employed in this connection are ajuga reptans, with fine purple-bronze foliage; mentha pulegium and herniaria glabra, green; veronica repens, oxalis rubra, brown; the tiny marigold-like tagetes; and nertera depressa, a diminutive fern-like plant with numerous small berries of a corral-red colour. All or any of the above will now be quite safe in the open air; they are usually arranged in geometrical patterns, and to be quickly effective must be planted very closely and kept subsequently well pinched back. As an edging, and also as centre-pieces, the different varieties of echeveria are also much used in carpet-bedding.

Many persons, however, entertain a strong objection against the flat effect produced by this class of plant alone. This may be avoided, the general result remaining the same, by placing something of a taller habit of growth here and there over the bed, say as centres to the pattern, in the angles, and so forth. Nothing is more suitable for this purpose than one of the green-leaved dracænas, though the graceful Grevillea robusta, bold-foliaged bear's breech (Acanthus Sieboldi), and small yuccas and aloes, &c., are also very desirable.

The Charming Marguerites

(otherwise known as Paris daisies), so dear to the æsthetic eye, are greatly in vogue just now. Admirable as these are, when well grown in pots, for the decoration of the conservatory, balcony, or window-garden, they are even more floriferous and effective when planted out in the same way as geraniums, fuchsias, and so forth. Even quite small plants set out now in good soil, at a foot or so apart, will quickly hide the soil and afford a perfect sheet of snowy or golden blossoms throughout the centre summer and autumn. The best kinds are Hatieri summer and Alice Crousse, both with large white flowers, and Comte de Chambord and Etoile d'Or, golden yellow.

Talking of marguerites, there are now on view at the Exhibition in Paris a group of these plants in pots, from M. Auguste Gillard, of Boulogne, the largest of which measures no less than eight feet in diameter and five in height, and carries about four thousand fully-expanded blossoms. This plant is seven years old, and has a clean stem four inches through just above the soil. Something like a plant that!

Work for the Week.

Finish putting out the more tender carpet-bedding plants—such as coleus, alternantheras, and iresenes. Also ricinus (castor-oil plants), amaranthus, perillas, and other fine-foliaged tropical subjects. These last must have deep, rich soil, and a warm and sheltered situation. Many kinds of palms, including such varieties as chamærops humilis and excelsa, the fan palm (latania borbonica), &c., may also be now removed to the open air, for the summer, with safety. The best way to deal with these is to plunge the pots bodily in the soil, and see that they do not want for water and liquid manure. Thin out hardy annuals, and sow more seed for a late bloom. Plant out plenty of asters, stocks, balsams, zinnias, and French and African marigolds, not forgetting the pretty and useful helichrysums (everlasting flowers), the blossoms of which, if cut in the sun and dried, last for years, and are invaluable for winter bouquets. For hot, dry, sunny borders, portulaccas, mesembryanthemums and verbenas are grand, and the flowers of the first unequalled in brilliancy of colour. The foliage of roses should be frequently syringed to free them of insects, soapsuds being very suitable for this purpose, and the destructive caterpillar or grub carefully searched for and removed by hand. Roses may still be planted out from pots, and if well watered will bloom freely during the autumn. Peg down verbenas as they grow, and they will form fresh roots at each joint so treated, and, consequently, gain wonderfully in strength and vigour. I always prefer seedling verbenas to plants raised from cuttings; they are so much more robust, and never fail to grow freely and bloom profusely.

OUR VILLAGE: No. II.—OUR LAWN-TENNIS CLUB.

Fruit Garden.

Although the conditions all round were unusually favourable, and the bloom exceptionally abundant, from some unexplained cause apples, and pears as well, to some extent, have failed to set their fruit as freely as everyone expected; and it is now, in some parts, a question whether there will be even an average crop of the fruits mentioned after all. I fancy that caterpillars, maggots, and other insects—which, it will be remembered, were very numerous and destructive last season, and, owing to the mild winter, have escaped the usual fate of so many of their kind—have a good deal to do with this state of things, a good many trees showing most unmistakable traces of their work already. Well, there will be so much the less thinning to be done, and we shall have finer fruit with less strain on the trees, and, consequently, a better chance of a crop again next year.

Vines under glass will by this time have all bloomed and set their fruit; as soon as this can be perceived the bearing shoots or "laterals" should be "stopped" (i.e.—have their points pinched out) at one joint beyond the fruit, while all barren shoots should be removed altogether, especially if at all crowded. The next operation is to thin out the berries, which are always much too numerous to give a well-formed bunch, from half to two-thirds of the number being cut out with a fine-pointed pair of scissors. Leave the best berries of course, and as far as possible, at equal distances, and take care not to bruise or even touch those that remain with either the scissors, the hand, or even the hair.

Vines in the open air will also be now in bloom, and with such splendid weather can hardly fail to set well. What a delicious scent is that exhaled by the blossom of the vine! Those who have not noticed it should make a point of doing so at once. Like those indoors, the shoots should be stopped at one or two joints beyond the fruit, though it is scarcely necessary to go to the trouble of thinning in this case. If a little more care and pains were bestowed upon vines in the open air they would prove more satisfactory and profitable than they usually do; but I must say I have seldom seen the fruit ripen properly far north of London, and a sunny south wall is in all cases a *sine qua non*.

Vegetable Garden.

No more asparagus should now be cut from the beds, but the rest of the growths allowed to remain and attain their full development; without this the plants would soon dwindle and decay. This delicious and eminently wholesome vegetable may be grown by all in any piece of deep and rich soil; there is no need to go to the trouble and expense at one time considered indispensable in forming beds, and when once planted properly, with a little care a bed will remain in bearing condition for twenty, thirty, or more years. Now that peas and cauliflowers, &c., are becoming plentiful, there is not nearly so much demand for asparagus, so that the cessation of the supply will hardly be felt.

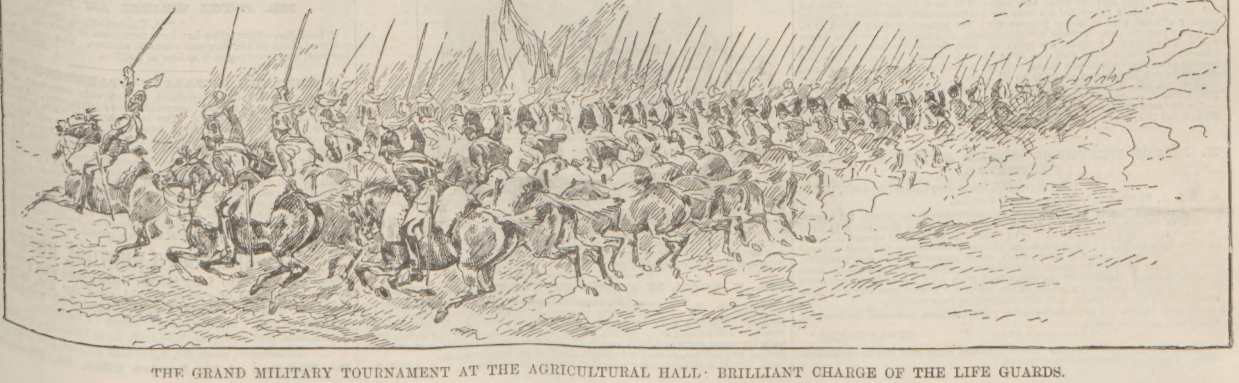
Finish thinning the beds of onions, carrots, parsnips, and beet. The former may be left at six to nine inches apart in the rows, according to the variety and size of roots required, the second to six or eight inches, the third to nine or ten, and beet to six or eight inches' distance, small roots being invariably more tender and better flavoured than large ones. In most years all work of this kind is finished in May; but this season we are at least three weeks later than usual all round, and the first sowings having failed altogether in many cases, the second will in many cases form the chief dependence.

Nitrate of soda is an admirable stimulant for all root crops, and, indeed, for vegetables generally. Any that appear at all sluggish or backward may have a dressing of this substance at the rate of three to five pounds to the rod, and if this is lightly hoed in the result will be apparent soon after the first shower. This is the best possible remedy for onions attacked by the maggot or grub.

Sow marrow and other late kinds of peas for the last time; also Ne Plus Ultra or Canadian Wonder dwarf beans for use in September. Plant out celery in trenches directly it is fit for the operation, and prepare more trenches for the late crops. Plant out cauliflowers for autumn use, also early broccoli, Brussels sprouts, savoys, and Scotch and cottager's kale for the early winter supply.

B. C. R.

A FAIR, BEAUTIFUL SKIN.—SULPHOLINE SOAP gives the natural tint, and makes the skin smooth, supple, healthy, comfortable. 6d. tablets. Everywhere.—[ADVT.]



THE GRAND MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL: BRILLIANT CHARGE OF THE LIFE GUARDS.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

The L.R.B.

THERE are few Volunteer corps better known through the Service than the London Rifle Brigade, or L.R.B., as it is generally called. The "Brigade" part of the title is rather a misnomer, for though thirty years ago an attempt was made to form a second battalion, the corps has always been practically a single battalion. But from the first its standard of efficiency has always been high, and under George Warde, Sir Arthur Hayter, Colonel Haywood, and Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton alike, the L.R.B. has always been one of our smartest corps, producing good marksmen too. But very, very few other corps could put a fifty team before the butts for a match. Regular soldiers do not approve the shako and cock-feather plume, and it is out of date certainly; but so is the Highlanders' plumed bonnet and the Fusiliers' and Grenadiers' bearskin, and for service the L.R.B. shako could be changed for a helmet as quickly as the Scottish monstrosity which we all love, and the Grenadier cap which we worship. But cannot the premier City corps somehow get together the twelve full companies, which would make it a real brigade of two battalions? The Queen's Edinburgh has three, and Edinburgh is not so big as London by a very long way.

A PRIVATE OF THE CITY OF LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE.

The Capitation Grant.

The War Office is very good at producing a scare amongst Volunteer commanding officers; but generally, when the scare has been produced, finds a way of backing out from a position which it was foolish to take up. Ever since the Brigade Camp Mobilisation scheme was devised, Colonels of widely-scattered provincial battalions have been wondering how on earth they are to get battalion drills for those of their men who have not been allowed to go to these camps, but who might have been able to go to their old regimental camps. The position was certainly a crux. Now the War Office has come to the rescue by ordaining that where fifteen per cent of a corps have been in a brigade camp, those men who have not been there may put in company drills instead of battalion. After this we may expect to hear that corps which cannot get a range may make their men marksmen by putting them through snapping practice; and possibly now the War Office will give a second thought to the threatened new scheme of efficiency, which is to include the production of greatcoats, haversacks, mess tins, &c. Perhaps the best way out of this difficulty will be to forget that it ever was proposed, even by the Adjutant-General, for as yet it is a threat only. At all events, if the greatcoats are to be produced at inspection, let them be really inspected; then they may not be those shoddy articles which one of the City corps took on a march at Whitsuntide, and which the men were told not to put on when it rained, as they would be no protection. Moral—Don't buy cast-off army greatcoats from Jew dealers just in order that your men may look like soldiers by having a folded something on their backs. Really the Lord Mayor should look up this City corps, and give it a grant out of his fund forthwith.

A Parade for the Shah.

As the drill season has been a heavy one, and there are still a lot of inspections to be got through, and a review before the Emperor of Germany into the bargain, the London Volunteers ought to be spared the infliction of a parade on a Wednesday afternoon in order to line the streets when the Shah goes to see the Lord Mayor. If the Government really desires to produce an effect upon the Shah with the People's Army, the purpose is not likely to be served by a parade on a Wednesday afternoon. We have quite enough to do without losing work-time for a parade which will not credit them even with a drill for efficiency. Beside, what are the Volunteers to the Shah, or the Shah to the Volunteers?

The Musketry Results

of last year—the first ever issued—are by the chief of the Hythe School regarded as on the whole satisfactory. The most striking feature in them is the excellent figure cut by the Scottish corps. There were 212 corps at the butts last year, and nearly the whole of the Scottish corps are included in the first hundred, while they are thickest near the top of the tree. The Kirkaldy Battalion comes out the best, its figure of merit being 155·36; but the 2nd Gordon—an Aberdeen Battalion—is reckoned the best shooting regiment of the year, by adding the percentage of marksmen and first-class shots. Perhaps the most instructive way of looking at these returns is to search for the position of what are generally called "shooting corps." The London Scottish are thirty-ninth in the order of merit, the Victorias fifty-ninth, the London Rifle Brigade hundredth, the Queen's Westminster 120th, and the South Middlesex 151st.

Shooting.

Last week mention was made of a member of the 1st Gloucester who was reported to have made the extraordinary score of 103. As if that were not enough, a Birmingham paper has since stated that the same man has made 105—that is, simply, every point he could make. We are very innocent; but, really, our credulity must have some bounds. Will somebody explain or cease fooling? If it is a joke, all the fun is out of it now.

Colour-Sergeant W. H. O. Smith—it is necessary to give all the initials, for there are several good shooting brothers—has won the championship of Surrey. Years ago he won the silver medal of the N.R.A. and the Prince of Wales's Prize at Wimbledon. Two scores of 100 have been recorded, on good authority—one by Sergeant Maynay, of Gloucestershire, and the other by Sergeant M'Lardie, of the 2nd Renfrew. After these, 98's—and several have been made lately—are merely common things.

What an example for Volunteers and military men generally! On Monday there was a great field-day at Aldershott, with the Adjutant-General as umpire-in-chief; and his Lordship appeared in the field in civilian clothes—"pot-hat" and all. I don't think H.R.H. the Commander-in-Chief would have done such a thing.

The American Team

which comes to shoot at Wimbledon, and against several of our best shooting corps and clubs, was to leave Boston during the past week, and is expected at Liverpool on the 28th inst. Major Frost and his Massachusetts comrades have been very fortunate to secure the services of Quarter-Master Gratwicke, of the 4th V.B. Devon, as match arranger and honorary secretary in England; and it is already settled that the Yankees shall shoot against the North London Club (on the last day of the Wimbledon Meeting), the Lincolnshire Twenty, the London Rifle Brigade, the Spalding Club, he Queen's Westminster, tho Berkshire Association, and the London Scottish. The match with the H.A.C. is very doubtful. Quartermaster Gratwicke's appointment as "English Manager" should make everything go easy. There is no man better known or liked at Wimbledon. As Hon. Sec. of the great English Twenty Club he is familiar to all shooting men, while in such wider interests as the Two Rifles Question he has always taken a leading and beneficial position.

EYES FRONT.

QUARTERMASTER GRATWICKE, WHO IS TO LOOK AFTER THE AMERICAN TEAM.

"**What's in a Name?**" Mrs. Donovan, a flower-seller, was charged at Marlborough-street with creating a disturbance outside the church in which the Duke of Portland was married. She explained that her name being the same as that of the winner of the Derby she had been "treated" on the strength of it. So the Magistrate fined her only 2s. 6d. It was a curious piece of irony, by-the-way, that the winner of the Derby should have been named after the hero of Edna Lyall's popular religious novel.

LEGAL COLUMN

["Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."]

IV. ON TAKING A HOUSE.

EXCEPTING a few comparatively fortunate people who buy and own the houses they live in, every-one has to consider the

Law of Landlord and Tenant.

A house may be hired on a verbal agreement, or by an agreement in writing. But a verbal, or unexecuted agreement cannot be enforced, if it be an agreement to take a house or grant or take a lease thereof. If, however, a tenant goes into a house, and there is no agreement in writing, the landlord can, of course, enforce payment of the verbally-agreed rent—or one for use and occupation—and the tenant can in Chancery sometimes enforce an agreement—not in writing—to grant a lease. Generally, however, if the landlord wishes to be safe, or the tenant wishes to secure future or continued possession of a house, he should take care to have

A Clear Agreement in Writing,

properly stamped. If the tenancy is to be for three years or more, there should be a lease and not an agreement.

It must be remembered that there is no general implied obligation upon a landlord to keep a house, let unfurnished, in a habitable condition; nor is a tenant liable by implication except for wilful damage. If a tenant take a house for a term of years and the premises should fall down or be burnt down, he, in the absence of an expressed provision to the contrary in the agreement or lease, will be liable for the rent of the premises for the whole term. Therefore, if premises are taken by a written agreement or lease,

There should be a Provision

that rent should be stopped, or reduced, if, by fire, tempest, or otherwise, the premises should become wholly or partly uninhabitable, and an arbitration clause should also be inserted to settle the amount of reduction, should questions of this sort arise. Some such clause should especially be inserted when the landlord has to pay fire insurance.

Although there is no general implied obligation on the landlord to keep the

Premises in Tenantable Condition,

this obligation should always be imposed on him where there is a written agreement, unless the tenant expressly agrees to repair. The only cases in which the law assumes, without writing, an undertaking by the landlord that the premises are

WHAT ENGLISH PATIENTS SAY ABOUT DR. SHERMAN'S RUPTURE TREATMENT.

MR. R. RICH'S EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

One of 10,000. Forty-seven years of age, thirty years ruptured. Now experiencing the comforts and happiness of a new life.

"Rooden Hill, Chippenham, Nov. 22, 1888.

"Dr. J. A. Sherman, 64, Chancery-lane, London.

"Dear Sir,—Your treatment of my case is marvellous. Thirty years ruptured, small for several years, then so bad no truss would hold it, and for the last ten years truly awful, much larger than my head; worse than Jordan's in your Illustrated Supplement, page 16, preventing me half the time attending to my business. What a change since I called on you! My doctor and all my friends are surprised to see what you have done for me. Healthy, aside from the effects of the rupture, in the prime of life, with a miserable future before me, until I happily sought your aid.

"I had tried all resources, and no one could help me, and had you not visited this country I would, most assuredly, have had to go on in misery to the end of my days.

"I, with my friend Richard Hull, of this place, who took your treatment on my recommendation, and others I know, will ever bless the day you visited Europe. I have often said I would not take 10,000 guineas—no; not half of London—to be placed in the condition I was when I first called on you. When you said you could help me I was elated—hoped, but did not flatter myself that I would ever reach the happy and sound condition I can boast of to-day.

"Why, could the ruptured for a moment realise what you can do, thousands would daily be blocking Chancery-lane to get into your office.

"Thousands have no faith—stick to the old theory, no cure—will go to the grave mortified victims of trusses and rupture. When my case was small, could I have met with you I would certainly have been saved from years of anxiety and that distressing mental feeling, organic ailments, aches and pains, arising from rupture as it goes on from year to year.

"This is a grand opportunity for the ruptured to save coming years of agony. I have recommended the treatment to a good many, who promised me they would see you; but I fear some will defer it till you have left this country, and then ever after regret their folly. Thirty years' experience qualifies me to state there is no living man in England has the tact and skill to treat this ailment with the success that you do. I mean what I say—it is no flattery. I speak from my heart, and well will it be for those who heed what I say, and secure the benefit of your services while they may. You have completely overthrown the theory of this country, 'No cure for rupture,' with the cures you have already effected here in living patrons who, like myself, proudly boast of it. You may publish this. I want my countrymen who need your services to see you and be healed. I speak the truth for their benefit no less than for the admiration of what your skill has done for me. I am a business man—deal largely in cattle—well known throughout my county, and many know the great change in my health and capacity to fly around, who can endorse all I say; besides, all who know me will credit the truth of what I say on business principles.

"Long may you live to impart to the afflicted the benefit of your valuable skill, is the prayer of your grateful patient,

R. RICH."

H. JAMES—RUPTURED—CURED AFTER 19 YEARS' SUFFERING.

"Farleigh-road, Stoke Newington, March 5, 1888.

"Dr. J. A. Sherman, 64, Chancery-lane, London.

"Dear Sir,—Highly pleased when you pronounced me cured, yet apprehensive of consequences lest you should be mistaken, some time after, to fully satisfy myself and friends, as well as to learn whether I could engage in active business with safety, I underwent examination by several of the most eminent surgeons and physicians of London, all of whom pronounced the cure complete, some of them expressing great astonishment, declaring it to be a most wonderful cure. Fortified by the opinions of such high authorities, I am quite free of all apprehension of a return of the rupture. I send you extracts from their certificates, confirmatory to the efficiency of your method.

"Again expressing my gratitude for your kindness and skill in bringing about this glorious result.

"I am, yours truly, HENRY JAMES."

[Photographs of Mr. James's case before and after cure can be seen at the office. Copies in Illustrated Supplement.]

FATAL RESULT FOLLOWING THE DISREGARD OF FRIENDLY ADVICE.

South View Farm, St. Saviour's, Jersey, Feb. 27, 1888.

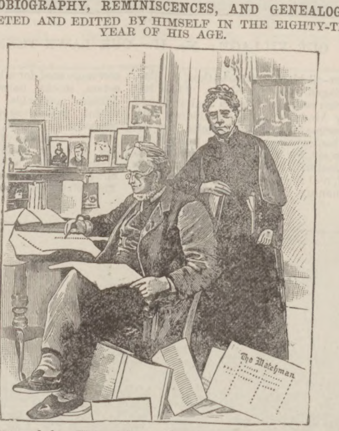
"Dear Sir,—I am glad to learn that Mr. Metidier, whom I recommended, visited you, and took your treatment. My friend, Mr. Philippe Gondeaux, farmer and proprietor, was greatly troubled with rupture, and I also strongly recommended him to avail himself of your skill, and gave to him, as I have to a great many others, all the particulars of your treatment, with my experience of the same; but, like a great many others, rather too conservative, and perhaps influenced by his family doctor, he delayed, to the cost of his life. In conversation, I told him that if he consulted all the doctors in Jersey he would be dissuaded from going to London to consult you. The result of his delay has been dreadful. On Monday night, Dec. 28, he was attacked with strangulated rupture, with all its horrors. The best medical aid failed to relieve him, and as a last resort an operation was performed. It was unsuccessful—he died Friday, the 30th, after four days' intense agony. He was fifty-two years of age, and I feel satisfied if he had taken my advice he would have escaped strangulated rupture and lived many years.

"Yours very respectfully, E. POCH."

REV. JOHN ALDEN'S

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, REMINISCENCES, AND GENEALOGY.

COMPLETED AND EDITED BY HIMSELF IN THE EIGHTY-THIRD YEAR OF HIS AGE.



John Alden and his Wife at home, Providence, R.I. (U.S.A.), preparing the Book for the Press.

The following is an Extract from Mr. Alden's recent Letter:

"Providence, 10, Dexter-street, Oct. 16, 1888.

"My very dear Friend,—I wrote you some time since respecting my book, which has taken me over a year to write.

"In the book is the best commendation of your peerless skill you have ever read. I want your commendation spread everywhere. I am perfectly healed of my rupture of forty years' standing, and weighed 30 lb. more than I did when you treated me. I believe you saved my life. Thankful, I shall ever pray for your success.—Affectionately yours, JOHN ALDEN."

MR. E. LOCK, 36 YEARS RUPTURED, NOW CURED.

"20, Grandsden-avenue, London-lane, Hackney.

"Dear Sir,—It gives me great pleasure in writing to you respecting my rupture. The treatment I am receiving from you makes me feel very confident that you will succeed in curing me. I may say that I have not felt so free from pain for many years as I have been these past few weeks; besides, that careworn feeling has left me, so that my friends speak of my improvement.

"Wishing you every success, I remain, yours truly, E. LOCK."

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

"In a recent article in these columns we had occasion to draw attention to the circumstances that the American schools of dental surgery were distinctly in advance of our own, and we have now to record the fact that it is to a Transatlantic physician we are indebted for the discovery that the worst cases of hernia are not only curable, but permanently curable, and that without a surgical operation. To those familiar with this distressing malady, and alive to the dangerous nature of the complaint, this statement will seem too good to be true; but an impartial perusal of a pamphlet by Dr. J. A. Sherman, of New York, who is at present on a visit to this country, and whose offices are at 64, Chancery-lane, will convince the most sceptical. We have for so many generations now been accustomed to regard hernia as a common ill for which nothing can be done save an alleviation of the pain by means of a truss, that we fear the great majority will incredulously ask, 'Can these things be?' forgetting that nearly every great discovery of the past has been met with similar scepticism, and more than active antagonism. Although Dr. Sherman's system is new to this country, it is—fortunately for him—no new thing in the United States, from whence he hails; and the number of testimonials received by him during the last thirty years from private individuals, from the Press, and from very many physicians, is simply overwhelming and conclusive in his favour.

"Having recently had the misfortune to be interested in a case of strangulated hernia, which necessitated one of the most dangerous surgical operations possible, our attention has naturally been drawn to this subject, and we are consequently aware how common is the complaint in its simple form, and how fearfully fatal it is when, as is so often the case, complications ensue, in spite of the patient wearing a truss, the one, and only one, known remedy prescribed by ninety-nine out of a hundred English medical men. Considering that it has been estimated that one person out of every twenty is a victim to this infirmity, and that the ordinary practitioner does not attempt to cure the complaint, but only attempts to allay the suffering by means of the surgical appliance already referred to, the importance of this discovery cannot be over-estimated. Dr. Sherman makes no mystery about his mode of treatment, which is a combination of mechanism and medicinal application, and the success of which has been attested by numberless physicians, amongst whom may be mentioned W. Pryor, M.D., who, in a recent article, has thus spoken in favour of Dr. Sherman's appliance, &c.:—'I had suffered for forty years, having in vain sought relief from all the different trusses recommended by the best surgeons. Now I am physically sound, and free from the anxieties of strangulation. No spring is used; no pads press upon the spine and the delicate spermatic cord. The pressure is applied exactly to the orifice where the intestine escapes.' To those who are wont to regard anything of American origin with a certain amount of suspicion we would say, ere you discredit this remarkable discovery, remember the countless inventions that contribute to our daily comfort that have emanated from the same land whence comes this specialist in a malady which is more common than those unacquainted with the subject would imagine."—*Court Circular*, June 4, 1887.

MR. JOYCE WRITES AN INQUIRER.

"44, Tangsett-road, Sheffield, Nov. 29, 1888.

"Dear Sir,—Your letter has been forwarded to me from Spalding. What you read about in Dr. Sherman's book is all true. You can go to him without any fear, and never regret it as long as you live.

HENRY JOYCE."

RUPTURE FATALITY—STARTLING FACTS.

From 100 cases of strangulated rupture only seventeen survived. The unfortunate subjects ranged from children to aged persons. Eighty were using trusses or domestic supports. The larger number were subject to surgical operation, from which only eleven recovered. Of those not operated on, only six recovered. The average duration of life from the time of the attack was five days. The sufferings in such cases are terrible. This tabulated report shows the dangers the ruptured are exposed to when seeking protection of the ordinary truss. In contrasting 100 cases treated by the Sherman method, the result is marvellous. None suffered from strangulated rupture—all were relieved, and nearly all were restored to a state of soundness. These facts show conclusively the great advantages the patient has under the Sherman treatment, and why the author is so deservedly popular in this branch of science. In Dr. Sherman's treatment there is no operation, no restriction from labour, but safety and restoration from all the ailments caused by rupture and the use of trusses.

DR. SHERMAN'S RUPTURE BOOKS.

Those who desire to fully inform themselves and take advantage of the experience of others, should send for **Dr. SHERMAN'S English and American Books, Sixpence, post-free,** which contain strong endorsements from Physicians, Clergymen, Merchants, and Farmers, who have been treated and cured.

Remember, only for a limited period you can see
Dr. Sherman at his London Office, 64, Chancery-lane.

fit for occupation are, firstly, in letting a furnished house; and secondly, as to some small houses—that is to say, there is always an implied condition that every house, at the time of letting, is fit for human habitation, if the house is in London let at a rent not exceeding £20 yearly, or £13 in Liverpool, or £10 in Manchester and Birmingham, and £8 if elsewhere. This, however, does not bind a landlord to *keep* a house in repair. If a house becomes in such a state that it is unhealthy to live in, the tenant should, in the landlord's default,

Call in the Sanitary Inspector

and ask him to serve on the landlord, and enforce, a notice to abate the nuisance.

It is fortunately becoming customary for tenants to have houses examined by experts before taking them to see if the drains and water-closets are in proper condition. In the absence of such examination, if a landlord represents a house to be in a proper sanitary state, and it should turn out to be so unhealthy that the tenant or his family suffer harm thereby, the tenant may, in some cases, recover compensation. But it is not always easy to prove representations of this kind, or to trace illness to this one cause, and every tenant, at a full or rack rent, should see that his agreement provides as to the house being kept, by the landlord, in a proper sanitary and tenantable condition. With regard to

Rates and Taxes,

and charges of local authorities, these, except sewers rate, in London, and property-tax, are payable by the tenant in the absence of an express agreement to the contrary. In the case of small houses the landlord generally enters into an arrangement with the tenant to pay rates, and then the landlord "compounds" the rates—that is, the landlord pays an agreed reduced rate whether the house be let or not. An incoming tenant may be required to pay overdue Queen's taxes, but not (in the absence of an agreement to do so) rates due from any previous tenant nor arrears of gas or water. LEX.

ANSWERS.

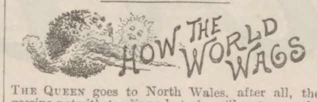
A CONSTANT READER.—Summons owner of poultry in County Court for damages, unless he pay on written application.

A. C. FUND.—The answer depends on rules agreed to by you, and about which you give no particulars.

INCOME TAX.—If your income is exempt, apply to Commissioners to refund. See Surveyor of Taxes for your district.

S. CLARKE.—Yes; it seems legal.

INQUIRER.—If you were only a weekly servant, or did not agree to give more than four weeks' notice, you are entitled to go then and recover the pay.



THE QUEEN goes to North Wales, after all, the gossips notwithstanding; but she will not open the new park at Llandudno, nor the bridge over the river Dee. Her Majesty will spend a day at Wrexham, on Aug. 24, to the delight of the vast mining population; and she will take the pleasant drive from Corwen to Llangollen. A third day will find her Majesty at Festiniog. But no human being, Queen or cow-boy, should go to this part of North Wales without seeing the Pass of Aber Glaslyn, with its richness of colour and its fairy charm.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House last Sunday morning from Paris.

The Prince of Wales presided at a meeting of the committee, held on Monday morning at Marlborough House, in aid of the "Father Damien Memorial Fund." His Royal Highness afterwards presided at a meeting of the Council of the Duchy of Cornwall, at the offices in Buckingham-gate.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, was present at the marriage at St. Peter's Church, Vere-street, on Monday, of Miss Alexandra Paget (her Royal Highness's goddaughter), daughter of Lady Alfred Paget and the late Lord Alfred Paget, with Mr. Colebrooke, son of Sir Edward Colebrooke, Miss Knollys and Colonel Clarke were in attendance. Their Royal Highnesses, attended by Lady Emily Kingscote and Colonel Clarke, left Marlborough House in the afternoon for Sunningdale Park, Sunningdale.

Prince George, attended by General Sir Dighton Probyn and Captain Stephenson, R.N., inspected the Corps of Commissionaires in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital on Sunday morning.

Prince Alfred of Edinburgh left Berlin on Sunday for Dresden, to attend, says a Reuter's telegram, the celebration of the octocentenary of the Wettin dynasty.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg attended the camp service of the Cavalry Brigade at All Saints' Church, Aldershott, on Sunday morning. They were on Monday present at a field-day on the Fox Hills.

There is a war scare to the front again. Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is reforming his military system, and is supposed to have designs on Servia. That country, practically kingless, and with an exiled though intriguing Queen, it is thought may be occupied by the Austrians. The only hope for the preservation of peace will then be that Russia and Austria should agree upon the distribution of the spoil. For this last consummation Prince Bismarck, who always holds the peace of Europe in the palm of his hand, will probably work. Meanwhile, the Sultan of Turkey is believed to be on the side of peace, as, indeed, his interests prompt. He will, it is said, remain absolutely neutral so long as the territories which belong to his Empire, not as vassals, but as forming an integral part of his dominions, are not invaded.

The religious question is to the front again in France. Clericalism and Rationalism are not now, indeed, in such deadly conflict as a few months ago. M. Carnot has officially attended Mass, which his predecessor M. Grévy never did. M. Ferry has declared himself for toleration, leaving things alone, in fact; but M. Clémenceau, who is by far the ablest man in France, is for war to the knife.

"See Naples and die" has often been said of the beautifully-situated Italian city. Mark Twain tells us he did see Naples, and nearly died of the smells. All this is to be changed. The wretched cholera-producing district which disgraces this as well as so many other fair cities are now doomed. The King of Italy has been visiting the scene of the proposed improvement.

"Welcome Our Illustrious Chief," "Honour to the G.O.M." This is the kind of thing which has met Mr. Gladstone at every turn in his journey through Devon and Cornwall. An audience of 7000 persons listened to the ex-Premier at Plymouth, and equally large and enthusiastic audiences on the route. He returned to London on Monday, apparently none the worse for what cannot fail to be long remembered as the most extraordinary "holiday" ever taken by an old man on the verge of eighty.

Over one thousand Irish reapers wanted to leave Ballyhaunis for England on June 14. So great was the crush at the railway station that one man, named Waldron, was killed. Nine hundred harvestmen were left waiting for trains to take them on. When these men arrive in England they work at the harvest, according to its earliness or lateness, in various counties. Now they are in Derbyshire, and now further north. They frequently sleep in barns, and on Sundays will walk miles to the nearest Roman Catholic church, crowding in its precincts when, as frequently happens, their brethren have more than filled the building.

Two boys were bathing in the lake at Victoria Park the other evening when they got out of their depth and sank. Mr. J. Regan (swimming master) jumped into the water and managed to bring both the lads safely to the bank. Mr. Regan has, it is stated, within the past few years saved over a hundred lives. If he had been a soldier and had taken a hundred, what a hero he would be counted!

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE.

BEECHAM'S PILLS. BEECHAM'S PILLS.

BEECHAM'S PILLS Are universally admitted to be worth a Guinea a Box for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain in the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fullness and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable, as a few doses of them carry off all humours, and bring about all that is required. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found equal to Beecham's Pills for removing any obstruction or irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each Box, they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and robust health. For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders on the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the ROSE-BUD of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" testified continually by members of all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is, BEECHAM'S PILLS have the largest sale of any patent medicine in the world.

BEECHAM'S MAGIC COUGH PILLS.

As a remedy for Coughs in general, asthma, bronchial affections, hoarseness, shortness of breath, tightness and oppression of the chest, wheezing, &c., these Pills stand unrivalled. They are the best ever offered to the public, and will speedily remove that sense of oppression and difficulty of breathing which nightly deprive the patient of rest.

Prepared only and sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor, THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, in Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each. Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

NEARLY 40,000 BEDS ALREADY SOLD BY US.

NEWHAM'S CELEBRATED LINCOLNSHIRE FEATHER BEDS.

THE CHEAPEST FEATHER BEDS IN THE WORLD.

Direct from the Factory, BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.

THE COTTAGE SINGLE BED, BOLSTER, and PILLOW, 6 ft. 3 in. by 3 ft. 6 in., weighing 40 lb. .. .. .. 30s. 0d.

THE OSBORNE DOUBLE BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., weighing 50 lb. .. .. .. 37s. 6d.

THE WINDSOR DOUBLE BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., weighing 55 lb. .. .. .. 41s. 3d.

THE ROYAL EXTRA-SIZED BED, BOLSTER, and TWO PILLOWS, 6 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft., weighing 65 lb. .. .. .. 48s. 9d.

WARRANTED NEW AND SWEET.

Any size Bed only 9d. per lb., including Feathers, in Strong Union (bordered) Tick, making, packing, wrapper, and carriage paid to any station in the United Kingdom. Samples of Feathers and Ticks, Price-Lists, &c., post-free.

For the convenience of Purchasers we have opened Branches at 178, Strand, London, W.C., and 55, Great Ancoats-street, Manchester, where Samples and Beds can be obtained personally; or by letter.

All orders must be accompanied by Cheque or P.O.O. (which, as security to purchasers, may be post-dated ten days) payable to NEWHAM and CO., Boston, Lincolnshire; THOS. DOWNS, 55, Great Ancoats-st., Manchester; or THOMAS SMITH, 178, Strand, London, W.C. Feathers only 9d. per lb. The trade supplied. Please mention this Paper. A great reduction on three or more Beds.

THE "PARKER" UMBRELLA (Registered). Patronised by Royalty.

5000 SILK UMBRELLAS, 2s. 6d. each, direct from the Manufacturers, Ladies' or Gents'; Plain or Twill Silk; Parker's hollow Ribbed Frames, beautifully carved and mounted sticks. Sent, Parcel Post free, 2s. 9d. or 36 stamps. 15,000 Sold in Twelve Months. Re-covering, &c., neatly done.—J. B. PARKER, Umbrella Works, Broom Close, Sheffield.

BENZINE COLLAS. Ask for "COLLAS." CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES. CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES. CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.

BENZINE COLLAS. Buy "Collas." REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE, REMOVES TAR, OIL,—PAINT, GREASE, FROM FURNITURE,—CLOTH, &c.

BENZINE COLLAS. Try "Collas." See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap. Extra refined, nearly odourless. On using becoming quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS. Ask for "COLLAS" Preparation and take no other. Sold everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle. Agents: J. SANGER and SONS, 489, Oxford-street, W.

NEEDHAM'S POLISHING PASTE. — NEEDHAM'S POLISHING PASTE.

GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

The reputation of nearly a century as the most reliable preparation for Cleaning and Brilliantly Polishing Brass, Copper, Tin, Britannia Metal, Platinoid, &c.

Dazzling Mirror Finish.

Distinguished for its simple, cleanly, rapid, and permanent properties.

Sold Everywhere, In 6d. and 1s. Pots: 2d. and 1d. Tins; and 1d. cardboard Boxes.

Inventors and Sole Manufacturers, JOSEPH PICKERING and SONS, SHEFFIELD. London Office, 79, St. Paul's-churchyard.

4s. 6d. IRISH LINEN COLLARS. Gents' Fourfold all Pure Linen Collars, all sizes and shapes, 4s. 6d. per dozen. Sample White Shirts, Two Shillings and Sixpence. Linen Fittings, 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. each, post-free. Write for Samples Linen, Goods Free.—G. R. HUTTON and CO., Larne, Belfast.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS have a reputation of over ONE HUNDRED YEARS, and are the acknowledged leading remedy for female complaints. They restore a healthy hue to the complexion, in place of the deathly pallor so distressing to witness. May be obtained of all Chemists, 2s. 9d. per box; or by post, 34 stamps, from SANGER and SONS, 489 Oxford-street, London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN. SEASON 1889. Under the Management of AUGUSTUS HARRIS. For Particulars, see Daily Papers.

ADELPHI.—A. and S. GATTI, Sole Proprietors and Managers.—TO-NIGHT, will be revived Dion Boucicault's celebrated Irish drama, THE SHAUGHRAUN. Mr. William Terriss and a powerful company. Doors open at Seven; Farce at 7.15. Box-office open Ten to Five.

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LAST MATINEE.—MACBETH, SATURDAY, at Two. MISS ELLEN TERRY'S ANNUAL BENEFIT and LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON, SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 29.—LYCEUM.

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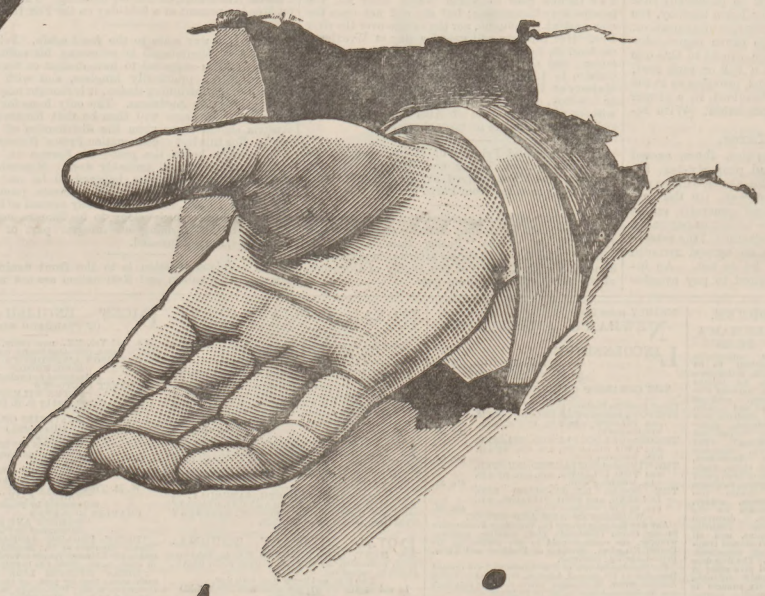

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